THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JANUARY, 1806.

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Embellished with, I. Austrian Sword Exercise—A beautiful Engraving by Edwards, from a Painting by Wolstenholme.

II. *An Engraving of the Caribou and Carcajou.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY

W. M'Dowall, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE STREET PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE thank the Correspondent who pointed out an Extract from Mr. Pratt's "Harvest Home."—It shall be attended to in our next.

The two Bards who have favoured us with their effusions upon the Death of Nelson, must excuse us for obliterating the parts that charge the enemy with cowardice.—Thus a good cause may have very bad advocates; and we are assured that the brave Nelson would have felt no manner of satisfaction under the idea that his conquests were achieved over cowards only!!!

What one of these writers calls a Chorus we have been also compelled to omit.—Its grammatical sense, as it stands, is beyond the scope of our abilities to comprehend.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Mr. Goldham – Austrian Sword Exercise.

Pub. Feb. 1. 1806, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JANUARY, 1806.

AUSTRIAN BROAD-SWORD EXERCISE.

A beautiful Engraving by Edwards, from a Painting by Wolstenholme.

THE subject of this beautiful Engraving is Mr. John Goldham, Field-Adjutant of the London Cavalry, going through the six divisions of the Austrian Broad-sword Exercise with a sabre in each hand, when riding at the rate of thirty miles an hour; which he performed for a bet of 200 guineas, before several military characters of the first eminence; and, to the great astonishment of the beholders, he made the cuts with admirable effect and precision, and won the bet with great ease. As a proof of his superior horsemanship, he went through one of the divisions while going over a five-barred gate, to the wonder and terror of all present.

It is here but justice to notice, that, at the request of several noblemen and military officers who were present, a large painting has been taken by Dean Wolstenbolme, who has succeeded in the manner of action and likeness of both man and horse so happily, that the best judges pronounce it—a picture of great merit. From this painting a fine engraving has been taken by Mr. J. W. Reynolds in his usual masterly style, and Prints are ready for delivery to Subscribers and others, at Mess. Colnaghi's and Co. Cockspur-street, near the Haymarket, where those who wish for early impressions are requested to apply soon.—Price of Prints £1 : 1 : 0—Proofs £1 : 11 : 6.

THE CHASE.

LORD DARLINGTON's fox-hounds lately returned into the *Doncaster* country, and have, as usual, attracted into that neighbourhood a large party of gentlemen, not more induced by the goodness of the hounds, than by the gentlemanly and convivial manners of their owner. ——*Sharp bursts*, and *blown nags*, are the order of the day. Amongst a long list of good sportsmen and hard riders, too numerous to mention here, we must particularly distinguish Messieurs Waterton and Towers.

SIR M. SYKES has had many remarkable good runs with his fox-hounds, both in the North and the East Riding. His *fields*, from his well-known affability and attention, and the goodness of his hounds, are

generally well attended.——From the vicinity of Stockton Forest, the other day, they had one of the *quickets things* ever known,—where, we understand, that some gentlemen, in their anxiety to *lay near* the hounds, overlooked the small obstruction of a cattle-pond, and consequently enjoyed to admiration, the *luxury of a cold bath!*

Mr. Lane Fox's hounds have had likewise good sport throughout the season; but on Saturday they had one of the most splendid days ever remembered: Meeting at Red-Hall, near Gleddow, they tried all the neighbouring coverts without a *challenge*, when crossing over Black-Moor, to Hell-Wood, they immediately found; the fox instantly broke cover, and going away in a most gallant style over the country, leaving West-Woods to the right, over Rigton-Hills and the brook in the bottom, skirted Collingham town, and from thence down to Keswick Ox-close, where crossing the river, he passed through Mr. Scott's park and pleasure grounds at Wood-Hall, where he was *viewed*, and thence ran directly on to Stockell, where without *hanging a moment*, he broke away over the finest country in the world —Leicestershire not excepted—in a direct line for Harrogate, then turning to the left, passed near Spofforth village, and running from thence by Kirby-over-blow, went to ground in a craig, the whole pack being within a few yards of his brush! This run, whether considered for the extent of ground renard went over, the straight line he took, or the fineness of the country he chose, will not often be equalled in the annals of sporting.— The *field* was unusually *small*, perhaps from the unpromising appearance of the morning—it being a hard frost; but, small as the field was, it was most considerably lessened by the country *riding deep*, and the severity of the *fences*—it may be truly said,

"A chosen few alone the sport enjoy'd.'

Boulton's Foxhounds.——On Saturday, the 11th instant, the Subscription, commonly called Boulton's Foxhounds, threw off at the hilly coverts, in the neighbourhood of Leatherhead. The country being open from covert to covert, foxes plenty, and the scent promising to lay well, the field, which were very numerous, were early; and the hounds being thrown into covert in good style, by gathering the pack, and having no stragglers or babblers, they adhered to the short furze wood, called "Grass Shatter of the Towering Wood," and in a few minutes fell upon the drag of a fox, and went away most musically about half a mile to his kennel.— Here he jumped up in view, and moistened the eye of every experienced sportsman in the field; when such a scope of ground was rode over, and such a scene of running enjoyed, with horses of perfect blood, and in the highest condition, as constituted a racing burst of ten miles beyond description. Here, reaching a covert called Beech-Hill, lying between Chobham Woods and Woking, he threaded that chain of coverts till he reached Henley Park, near which the hounds and heroes caught a view upon the open heath; when he took for Sir Wm. Abdy's, at Chobham Place, and Sir J. Mawbey's, near Chertsey, and skirted the woody park of E. Boehm Esq. near which he was capitally run into by the hounds, and fairly killed, with the exulting acclamation of

at

at least thirty voices of "Whoo! Whoop!!!—Whoo! Whoop!!!"—Although they had ran two hours and a quarter, yet a high circulation of the blood raised a *nem. con.* exclamation for another chase; and in a covert near Bourn Bridge, they found a second game fox, who led them a chase of an hour and a half, when he was run up to in a glorious scene of rapture that can never be exceeded.

Wiltshire Hounds.—Saturday the 11th inst. a pack of foxhounds met at Hookwood, and soon after throwing in, unkennelled a fox in the first stile; after trying the earths at Farm-close, Donhead, &c.—which had been previously stopped—he crossed the Salisbury road, through Charlton; taking over Charlton fields he went for Melbury, over the heath, and then gallantly faced the hills, leaving Ashmoor-close on the right and Ashcombe on the left; came into Cranbourne-chase; left Bussey-lodge far on the left, came to Chettle-down; leaving Chettle on the right, running nearly up to Handly, at which place he was headed; then racing up to Critchell he was run into, attempting to cross the river by Horton-farm. This chase lasted an hour and thirty-five minutes, and the distance could not be less than 25 miles. It is supposed to have been the severest run ever remembered in this part of the country.

Colonel Wheat's Hounds.—At Norman-court, Hampshire, on Monday, the 20th instant, a bag fox was turned out before Colonel Wheat's harriers at the hand-posts near the turnpike-road, between Stockbridge and Salisbury. Renard went off rather heavily, and either not liking the country, or being hard pressed by the hounds, he took refuge in a necessary-house belonging to a Mr. Blunt, at Wallop, after a chase of but a few miles. Unfortunately for Renard, the hole was previously occupied by the cook, and the hounds were so close as to cut off the retreat of both the cook and renard, who were taken together.—While the party were laughing over the singularity of this adventure, a labourer informed them that a fox had been seen lately in Coneygear-coppice hard by. The hounds were immediately laid on, a dog challenged—Tally ho! was cried, and off they went at speed along the vale to Stockbridge race close, through the furzes to Danneburrow-Hill, across the intrenchments, and down again, when they stretched over the flat country towards Clatford-Oaks, through the wood, from thence to Knookwood, back to the Coneygear, across the rivulet towards Buckholt Hills—when, lo! and behold they arrived at Kent's farm under the hills, a distance of near five-and-twenty miles without a check; they found the whipper-in with the s—n fox, which had given them such excellent sport. Many of the farmers and others who had joined in the chase, were thrown out, and the few who arrived were not sorry it was over.

Putney Harriers.—These well-bred and much improved hounds gave ample proof on Monday the 13th instant, of their established excellence; and the new huntsman and whipper-in, by their judicious exertions, evinced what may be expected from their future persevering industry. The morning being favourable, the pack were early in the field, and many horsemen collected. A strong stout hare was soon trailed to her seat, from which she started;

and after going a mile and a half over Wimbledon Common and the intervening sheet of pasture, her life was preserved by one of Lord Spencer's keepers moving a slider in the park paling, and letting her through.—Soon after, drawing over the Common to where Abershaw's gibbet stood, up started puss.—This hare afforded an excellent gallop, and was killed in good style. A third was discovered in her seat, on the hilly verge of Wimbledon Common, and, after going away through the vale for Coomb Wood, made a circle back to Wimbledon Common. Here, for a short period, the hounds were at fault; but soon coming over the spot where she was sequestered, she broke away, and was followed for another circle of three miles. At length, after two or three more circles, instead of falling a prey to the staunch pack, she fell a sacrifice to a rascally furze-cutter, who killed her before the hounds came up.

SIR PAUL.

LORD FITSWILLIAM has refused 3000 guineas for SIR PAUL, now rising four years old, which is the largest sum ever offered for a horse of that age, and at that time free from any engagement. He is allowed by the best judges to be one of the finest racing-like horses ever seen.

SIR PAUL was bred by his Lordship, who was likewise the breeder of Sir Solomon, Caleb Quot'em, and several other excellent racers. He was got by Sir Peter Teazle; his dam, Pewet, (also bred by his Lordship) got by Tandem; her dam, Termagant, (bred by Lord Rockingham) got by Tantrum; her grandam, Cantatrice, by Sampson; Regulus, out of Old Marsk's dam, by Mr. Hutton's Blacklegs, a son of Mr. Hutton's Bay Turk, Coneyskins, and Hautboy. Cantatrice and her dam were also bred by Lord Rockingham.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

MR. MORTON, AND THE HON. M. COVENTRY.

WE understand that a match, for 100gs a-side, is made between Mr. Morton and the Hon. M. Coventry, to shoot pigeons.—This match is deeply interesting to the amateurs of that sport, inasmuch as Mr. Morton's fame is already established, and Mr. Coventry is considered an excellent shot. Large bets are depending on this occasion, as the conqueror undertakes to shoot against all England.

C. FOSTER, ESQ.

ON Wednesday the 15th instant, a match of Pigeon-shooting took place at the Bush Inn, at Farnham, Surry, which, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was well attended by the sporting gentlemen of that town and neighbourhood, and many excellent shots were made. C. Foster, Esq. undertook, for a considerable wager, to shoot eighteen birds out of twenty. At first, the bets were considerably in favour of the birds.——Mr. F. killed his twenty birds, together with one as a trial shot; making in the whole twenty-one successively, which was deemed by all parties as a *chef-d'œuvre*. After which they were well entertained by the polite and much respected landlord of the Bush Inn.

SIR

SIR ROWLAND WINN'S STUD.—SALE AT NOSTELL.

DURING the present month, agreeable to the notice given in the York Herald, the Brood Mares, Colts, Fillies, Hunters, Hacks, &c. &c. late the property of Sir Rowland Winn, Bart. deceased, were sold by auction, at Nostell, near Wakefield, Yorkshire, by Mr. R. Boulton.——The sale was very genteelly attended by most of the noblemen and gentlemen of the turf.—Among the company were Lords Darlington, Hawke, and Pollington; Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Sir Edward Smith, Sir T. Pilkington, Sir Francis Boynton, Sir F. Wood, Barts; Hon. Martin Hawke, Hon. R. L. Savile; Col. Surtees, Col. Cook, Col. Childers; Rev. T. C. Read; Mr Wentworth, Mr C. Wilson, Mr Hewett, Mr Kaye, Mr Armytage, Mr Clough, Mr Hawksworth, Mr W. Lee, Mr Thelluson, Mr Uppleby, Mr Ombler, Mr Towers, Mr Williamson, Mr Buck, Mr Allott, &c.

The business was conducted with such regularity, that not a single mistake was made during the whole of the three days sale.——The following are the prices at which the horses, &c. sold, with the purchasers.

Lot.		*£.*	*s.*	*d.*
1	A chesnut cropt mare, by Morwick	3	13	6
2	A chesnut mare	7	7	0
3	A brown gelding	14	14	0
4	A mule	8	8	0
5	A Shetland poney	5	5	0
6	Ditto	7	7	0
7	A bay gelding	10	5	0
8	A bay poney, 8 yrs old—Bought by Mr Maw	26	5	0
9	A bay shooting poney, 5 yrs old—Mr C. Wilson	52	10	0
10	A brown coach horse	4	4	0
11	Ditto	11	0	6
12	A handsome new-built carriage, town made, very little used, with harness for two horses	157	10	0
13	One ditto, town made, by Hatchet	31	10	0
	Brood Mares.			
14	A chesnut mare, 12 yrs old, by Pot8o's, out of Flyer, by Sweetbriar.—Stinted to Sir Solomon—Hon. R. L. Savile	141	5	0
15	Eustatia, by Highflyer, out of Wren, by Woodpecker.—Stinted to Hambletonian—Lord Pollington	126	0	0
16	Dimple, by Highflyer, out of Small-bones, by Justice.—Stinted to Shuttle—Mr C. Wilson	236	5	0
17	Jemima, by Phænomenon, out of Eye-bright, by Match'em.—Stinted to Stamford—Lord Pollington	100	5	0
18	Duchess, by Alexander, dam by Herod.—Stinted to Stamford—Mr Clough	136	10	0
19	Gawkey*, by Highflyer, out of Giantess, by Match'em.—Stinted to Stamford—Col. Childers	73	10	0

* Gawkey was purchased four years ago by a tenant of Sir Rowland Winn's, as she was going to be given to the hounds, for seventeen shillings. She proved in foal to Buzzard, afterwards bred a filly to Patriot, and is now certain in foal to Stamford.

20 A brown

		£	s.	d.
20	A brown mare, by Evergreen, out of Teresa, by Match'em. —Stinted to Miracle—Mr Loftus	32	11	0
21	A bay mare, sister to lot 20.—Stinted to Miracle—Mr Loftus	22	1	0
	Colts and Fillies, rising four.			
22	Mariner, by Precipitate, out of Dimple—Mr Boast of London	84	0	0
23	Sound Judgment, by Buzzard, out of Gawkey—Mr Boast of London	120	15	0
24	A brown colt, by Telescope, out of Queen Charlotte, by Highflyer—Mr Kimber of York	56	14	0
25	A bay colt, by Diomed, out of lot 20—Mr Mallery	168	0	0
26	Hypocrite, a bay filly, by Beningbrough, out of Eustatia —Lord Hawke	168	0	0
	Colts and Fillies, rising three.			
27	A bay colt, by Delpini, out of lot 14—Mr R. Wardell of York	183	15	0
28	A bay colt by Diomed, out of lot 20—Mr W. Lee	115	10	0
29	A bay filly, by Hambletonian, out of Eustatia	73	10	0
	Colts and Fillies, rising two.			
30	A brown colt, by Stamford, out of Duchess—Lord Darlington	210	0	0
31	A bay colt, by Miracle, out of lot 21—Col. Cook	39	18	0
32	A chesnut filly, by Precipitate, out of lot 14	94	10	0
33	A bay filly, by Patriot, out of Gawkey—Mr W. Lee	42	0	0
	Colts and Fillies, rising one.			
34	A bay colt, by Hambletonian, out of Eustatia	73	10	0
35	A brown colt, by Sir Solomon, out of lot 14—Lord Darlington	105	0	0
36	A chesnut filly, by Stamford, out of Duchess—Lord Hawke	42	0	0
37	A chesnut filly, by Stamford, out of Jemima—Mr Loftus of Newcastle	42	0	0
	Hunters.			
38	Tankersley, 6 yrs old, by Overton, dam by Phænomenon—Mr Maw, for the Duke of Leeds	315	0	0
39	A dark chesnut mare, 7 yrs old, by Grog—Mr Thelluson	220	10	0
40	A chesnut mare, 6 yrs old, by Miracle	110	5	0
41	A bay gelding—Mr C. Wilson	105	0	0
42	A bay mare, by Miracle—Mr Thelluson	94	10	0
43	A bay gelding, by Traveller, out of Columba—Mr Upleby	76	15	0
44	A brown horse, 7 yrs old, by His R. H. the Prince of Wales's Arabian—Mr Mathewman	58	16	0
	Total—as per above List	£3808	4	0
	The Team Horses, Beasts, Sheep, Pigs, Guns, Dogs, Hay, Husbandry-Gear, &c.	2465	17	6
	Total	£6274	1	6

A RAMBLE

A
RAMBLE ROUND GOSPORT, &c.

Gosport—Hasler Hospital—Monckton Fort—Alverstoke—Epitaph on a Chandler—Fortune Prison—Handel's Organ—Black Colt with a White Face—The Disaster.

Bulwark of Britain! how my bosom glows,
To see thy red-cross banners brave the air;
To see thy thund'ring tubes in double rows,
Adorn the bark yon wanton billows bear.

Go!—and to hov'ring foes, exulting tell,
While round our ancient girdle thou can'st steer,
Though Gallia's threat'ning trump the breezes swell,
Our in-born sons have nothing left to fear.

SUCH was my morning song as I left the ferry-place at Portsea, for the opposite shore. The Prince, a fine 98, was under weigh; she had been completely refitted, and was progressing briskly before the gale, to join the Channel fleets. The shores were lined with spectators, and they gave her three cheers as I leaped from the boat upon the landing-place at

GOSPORT.

In my last Ramble I gave what the painters call a bird's-eye view of these congregated towns; I shall therefore only present you with a rough sketch of Gosport, and its neighbouring villages, and then pursue my journey westward. At the entrance of the great harbour on this side stands the block-house fort, mounted with forty 12-pounders, which, together with the defence on the Portsmouth side, can present an invading enemy with such sheets of fire, as must effectually prevent any sudden attempt here upon the British navy. A small distance west of the block-house is the so justly celebrated Samaritania, called

HASLER HOSPITAL;

Or, general reception for the sick and wounded of His Majesty's navy. It is a very capacious well-built town within its own walls, plentifully supplied with every comfort necessary for the speedy recovery of the valetudinarian; and, to encourage cheerfulness and activity, a pleasure ground of several acres, always covered with a fine sod, is kept open for the amusement of our hardy tars, where it is no uncommon thing to behold the recovering cripple lay aside his crutch, and attempt a saraband. None are employed here but the most skilful of the faculty; and it is a fact very well supported, that seamen obtain their health in a shorter space of time at Hasler than at any other place of the same kind in all England. It is also open to the saline waters, and the soft breezes of the south, and charmingly ventulated by the western gales as they sweep the rapid Solant.

At the beginning of Stoke's Bay, about the fourth of a mile from Halser, stands

MONCKTON FORT.

When his Grace of R——, who is here called the Don Quixote of the ordnance, first conceived the idea of raising castles round the coasts of the country, it was on this spot that he began his chivalrous carreer, and, like the knight of La Mancha, resolved to do something for future ages to chronicle.——Monckton Fort, however, is a well-built stone structure, and may long serve as a winter lodgement for part of

of the army, but in point of national defence almost useless. The embrazures have been lately filled up by the masons, and the whole screen on the land side become a level parapet. About twenty-three pieces of ordnance, pointing towards the Isle of Wight, may be brought to bear at a particular situation of the tide, but as it is hardly possible an enemy should ever open their mouths there, we may with safety consign these iron-headed subjects to oblivion.—Our wooden walls are our best bulwarks, and may the wisdom of our nation ever prefer their protection to all the stones of the Portland quarry, and the fearful fancies of a visionary; for it has often been proved that one floating castle manned with British seamen, attaches more glory to the national character than all the redoubts stationed between the Scotch crags and the Lands End.

For a mile N. W. of this fort is a delightful walk to

ALVERSTOKE,

A very pleasant village, commanding a delightful view of the fertile Vecta, from St. Helen's to Cowes, at the foot of which is the well known anchorage, called Stoke's Bay; and by a winding runlet from the village green, a lofty triangular column of stone, named Gillkicker, serving as a land-mark to navigators making the port; and round the bottom of it a dell romantically fashioned, with an underwood so frequented by nightingales, that during the proper season no harmony can equal their mellifluous tongues.

The church of Alverstoke is a roomy building of some antiquity, and has a decent picture of the Last Supper over the communion table, and many monuments greatly useful to our English history.

Some singular epitaphs are seen here, one of which I have selected for its whimsicality. It is on the stone of John Baxter, once a merry chandler of this place.

EPITAPH ON A CHANDLER.

Here lies merry Baxter, once Sexton of Stoke,
Who lov'd a full tankard, his friend, and his joke;
He dealt in fresh butter, in bacon and coals,
And turn'd wooden wares, plates, dishes, and bowls.
When Death had bereav'd him of pipe and of pot,
To add to his credit, he gave all he got
In alms to his neighbours, and something beside
For good ale, once a year on the day that he died.
In Heav'n, no doubt, he has laid up a treasure,
For he always gave weight, and fill'd up his measure.

The mansion of Counsellor Eames here is a delightful retreat from the bustle of the bar, and the studies of his profession; and I am assured that the worthy owner devotes the greater part of his leisure time to do good for his humble neighbours, and to add to the happiness of his familiar friends. A furlong S. W. of Alverstoke, upon the sea beach, stands a small tavern, the sign of the Ordnance Arms, remarkable for good accommodations; the landlord's name is Chatfield, and no more to be compared to the Portsmouth harpies than Hyperion to a Satire. To this house, while the fleets are anchored in the bay, the seamen who are to be trusted on shore resort for amusement; and the whimsical tricks and novelties these jolly fellows exhibit are exceedingly diverting, even to those who have been most accustomed to the more polished circles of society. I was returning from this

house

house on the beach, when I overtook a poor half-naked and almost famished sailor-boy; he stood by my path side with tears full globed in his brilliant dark eyes—he held out his right hand but spake not—he looked piteous, most piteous! while his left arm, of which he seemed to have no use, was slung in an old silk handkerchief tied round his neck.—My poor fellow, said I, where have you been?—My father and I have been in a French prison, replied the boy.—How came you here? I rejoined.—I was exchanged, and came last from Guernsey—We were overtaken by a strong gale, and stranded at the back of Purbeck; the master was lost, my father was lost, and I was only saved; but my arm is sadly bruised by the breakers. At this he stripped up his tatters, and displayed his flesh black as the countenance of an under-line negro, from the wrist up to the shoulder, while the big tears which stood in his eyes burst their bounds, and rolled down his squalid cheeks, like dew-drops o'er the tawny lilly. I felt his miseries, and thought on poor..... I gave him — — I will not tell you what I gave him, lest the tongue of a too rigid economy should throw in my way a stale proverb, only held in high estimation by the children of meanness and persecution, whose frigid hearts never felt the glow of philanthropy.—Where are you going, my man? I requested.—To get into Hasler, he replied, and when I am cured I will go to sea again, and serve my country. I wished him better luck another time, and we parted.

The goddess of memory was at hand, and presented me the tablet, adorned by the sentimental pencil of Mr. Bigg. Genius quickened the efforts of fancy, and I journeyed on thus singing—

THE SHIPWRECKED BOY.

'Midst lightning swift flashing, while thunder burst loud,
The sea toss'd the vessel's top-mast to the cloud,
Descending, she struck on a sharp sunken rock,
And parted, while terrible shrieks tell the shock.
No pow'r was at hand from the tempest to save,
So the whole were entomb'd in a watery grave,
Save one on a plank, fate forbore to destroy,
In despair reach'd the shore—A poor shipwrecked boy.

Wet, trembling, and fainting, he rose from the strand,
Borne up by a stake chance had left for his hand;
After wringing his locks, he survey'd the new scene,
For the storm had gone by, and the heav'ns were serene;
To the upland he look'd, saw a cottage to please,
For the white smoke of plenty curl'd through the thick trees;
Hope brighten'd his face with the sunbeams of joy,
And away for the cot bent the shipwrecked boy.

The dame saw him coming, and flew to the latch,
Her daughters and sons plac'd themselves at the hatch;
The lad 'gan his tale with a heart-rending sigh,
And points to the wreck with a tear in each eye;
For fond recollection disturb'd his kind breast,
As he felt for his shipmates the pang unexpress'd,
Attention with pity the rustics employ,
And this was the song of the shipwrecked boy—

"No friend to protect me, no parent to guide,
My parents and friends are all lost in the tide,
Quite cold are their lips in yon pitiless brine,
And the kiss of affection no more shall be mine."

He

He paus'd, while bright tears from the
cottagers flow,
E'en Tray shook his tail at the streams
of his woe;
The kind-hearted red-breast, unheeding
annoy,
Perch'd near the sad song of the ship-
wrecked boy

"Scarce a thing have I sav'd from the
terrible wreck,
These trowsers all dripping, this shirt on
my back,
Is the whole I can boast of—in pity then
spare,
And grant me that comfort you happily
share."
Full swift as bright streams down the pre-
cipice flow,
The hearts of the throng felt humanity's
glow,
Conducted to comforts productive of joy,
And despair fled the breast of the ship-
wrecked boy.

As I finished my effusive numbers the red-breast and the little wren flew fluttering along the hedge-row before me, and now and then they saluted me with their delectable songs. The sky-lark rose slowly over my head, and sang sweeter than he was accustomed to do, or it was the satisfaction I felt from communicating a good turn to a fellow-creature in distress made me think so.

From Alverstoke I took the way that leads to the Prison for French captives, at

FORTUNE,

Where, wishing to observe on the situation of these inmates, I solicited permission of the guard, and was suffered to enter the area of their confinement; and was pleasingly convinced of the verity of the old proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention." Upwards of five hundred good looking young men, all as cheerful as the birds I have just mentioned, were variously employed in the ways of profit. Here was one group or circle sitting round a truss of straw, making hats, and lining them in the most tasty manner; while others were soliciting the passing stranger between the pallisades of their confinement to purchase the produce of their industry: here was another, all in full song, carving, painting, and rigging vessels of different dimensions, and many of them with that precision and beauty as to bespeak the highest excellence. Some were shaping or rasping bone for the pieces used at the game of domino; others making devices in human hair: not a single creature appeared in a state of idleness, for those who were without ingenuity were set to sell for the workmen. Beside these things, many emblazoned Ave-Maries, and other religious trumpery, were offered for sale, but generally turned aside. Satisfied by occular demonstration, that the situation of these men, humbled by the fate of war, was by no means to be lamented, I cheerfully left Fortune, and at the rampart gates re-entered Gosport. The town consists of three parallel streets, and many collaterals of less consequence, all fortified round, but not so well as Portsmouth and Portsea. However, the place bids fair to be soon as strong as either, for near two hundred convicts are daily employed upon the works, which appear progressing to great strength and perfection.

Here is a plain chapel of great capacity, and in it an organ, to the history of which attaches something not unpleasant to be recorded.

HANDEL'S ORGAN.

Perhaps no instrument of this kind has ever been more dignified; it was built under the immediate direction of the great Handel, for the London Theatre, and is the same

which

which that gentleman played on when he performed in his own divine oratorios. At the demise of Handel this organ was bought for the Duke of Chandos, and put up in the most costly manner at Cannons, where it remained till his Grace thought proper to desert that retreat; it was then purchased by a house broker for a small sum, who sold it to the Chapel of Gosport, where it is likely to remain a relict of high veneration; for its tones are no way defective, and its beauties as brilliant as at its first erection. I had this information from Mr. West, the present organist, whose skill in his profession is great, and whose respect for the memory of Handel leads him to watch over the work of this great master with the warmth of a devotee. But little else remains to be noticed in Gosport except the vast bustle and traffic while the fleets are in this neighbourhood. The beach is now exceedingly lively, and the whimsicality of the jolly tars, with their fiddlers and their tuck'd-up ladies, is very diverting, and chequered with many novelties.

After a very pleasant ramble, I re-passed the ferry, made a temperate sacrifice to hunger, and with Tray by my side, resumed my peaceful pipe, and silently listened to the following tale, told by one who had been an exciseman, to his familiar companions.

THE BLACK COLT WITH A WHITE FACE.

"My father," said the young man, "had expended the prime of his life in his Majesty's excise. When finding all hopes of preferment useless, he began to repine, and to be thoroughly disgusted with his profession; but that which added most to his chagrin, was this open effort of unmerited partiality—Some young men from the north-country were advanced above him, and, though they were not of one fourth his standing, they were made riding surveyors of districts, while my poor dad was still forced to pursue his unprofitable duty on ten toes.—To behold these young men leap over his head, as easy as so many greyhounds over a field-gate, finished his disgust, and he resolved to send in his resignation to the Board, and do something better for himself.

"At a small distance from the village where my dad and I resided, upon the brow of a hill nearly surrounded with a rookery, stood a very capacious mansion; it had not been inhabited for many years, and near which no human creature hardly ever made an appearance, because the place had the reputation of being haunted. To the owner of this mansion my father made application, and he cheerfully granted him a lease of the premises for twenty-one years, at a very moderate rent, with permission to cut wood on the manor for such repairs as were necessary for his purpose. Upon looking over this long neglected seat of retirement, we found many curious hiding places, used during the Commonwealth to secrete the proscribed cavaliers who adhered to the descendants of Charles the First.—Some of them were so intricate as to defy even the cunning of a necromancer: in one place, by touching a spring, a door flew open; and by another, the party within could instantly shut it, so as to baffle the vigilance of the troopers. In the very front of this house a lane of an easy descent extended full a mile to the main road, up which nothing could pass unobserved from the premises. The house being in all respects ready for our reception, my father began to

to try his fortune as a soap-boiler; he was regularly entered at the King's office, and an officer came at stated times to survey us. This man was verging to the decline of life, and was strict in his duty to a degree of nicety.—My father, in the course of the first year, had many times "run the Buck," and finding the sweets to increase beyond his expectation, resolved to redouble his efforts; but the old exciseman would steal upon us like a thief in the night, and the hazard of detection became a great drawback upon the advantages of the venture. To remedy this evil had long employed the mind of my good father, who, from his long practice, was up to every professional deception; at length he was fortunate enough to hit on an expedient effectually answering all he could desire.—In the straw-yard before the soap-house we had a fine young colt rising, I think, four years, he was perfectly gentle, and had been well broke to the saddle; he was black in all his parts except his face, which was white from the tips of his ears to the under lip. One day after our old exciseman had done his duty, my father followed him into the straw-yard, and, with all the good nature he possessed, began to commiserate his long walks in foul weather; the poor man shook his grey locks with a sigh, and answered, "he should never know a change till fate was ready to thrust him under the green turf."—"There is a way," said my father, looking at the colt. "Ah!" replied the old man, "I wish you'd point it out." "That I will directly," said my father, taking the colt by the mane, "Here, my worthy friend, I make you a present of this young horse; I have no immediate use for him, and he will carry you steadily round the district, and save your limbs much pain and labour." The honest fellow received the gift with much satisfaction, and for the first time mounted the "Black Colt with a White Face," and rode cheerfully to the distant village.

"My father having thus laid the first stone for the temple of his prosperity, resolved to make merry, and I am sorry to observe, we both went boozy to repose. The next morning we went to our duty, my father to the "Buck," and I upon guard to watch the entrance of the white-faced colt at the bottom of the long lane—the moment I described his approach, dad took the hint, and all was secured. Thus was I placed like a sentinel upon an out-post for three succeeding years, in which time the success of our scheme was profitable beyond our expectation. The black colt with the white face would not have brought my father more than ten pounds in any market in England, so that no man ever put out a small sum from which he received so large an interest. He was now master of an ample sufficiency; and, having disposed of his trade and premises, we returned again to the village from whence we came, where my father would smoke his pipe in comfort, and afford his bottle better than any of the young men from the north-country. The old exciseman was never in want of his bounty; they were frequently seen to hob or nob together, and the first sentiment my father gave on all convivial occasions, was, "The house on the hill, the long lane, and the black colt with a white face."

THE DISASTER.

"During the whole time," continued the young man, "my father

"run

"run the Buck," and I watched the coming of the colt, I remember but one serious alarm, which ended in a better way than we had a right to expect.—It was one summer-day; we had just parted with the exciseman and his colt, when a painter from the village below came to brush up the front of our house on the hill; he had raised two ladders at some distance from each other, and having secured a long hook on each of them, he laid a ten foot deal horrizontally along from hook to hook.

"On this scaffold up mounted the painter with his pots, and began to brush away with the greatest industry, when wishing to come at an old carved cornice almost out of his reach, he requested me to stand on the opposite extremity of the deal as a balance to his weight, which I complied with. The painter had been for some time labouring in his occupation as merry as may be, when, O disastrous fate! a beautiful butterfly settled on the honey-suckle that climbed up the wall before me—sure it was some evil spirit put it in my head—I stepped on the next rail of the ladder, and hastily stooped to captivate the fly; when, with the poor man's weight, up went the board, and down went the merry painter, almost smothered with the contents of his own colour pots.—Fortunately, no bones were broken, but his groans soon brought my father to the spot, when the singularity of the painter's appearance and my look of stupidity destroyed all the gravity my dad possessed, and he burst into a fit of laughter that could not be restrained. However, we cleaned the poor fellow, gave him a glass of brandy, and soon put him in a condition to finish his job."

Thus ended the young exciseman's narrative; and my inclination leading me to Portsmouth Theatre to see a new performer, I left the party, and soon found myself in the midst of more polished society.

I am yours, &c.

T. N.

P. S. Periwinkles, not Oysters, were the shell fish sold by the quart to which I alluded in a former Ramble—See page 67.

A TOUCH OF THE MARVELLOUS IN GEESE.

Calculated for the Michaelmas Meridian.

MR. EDITOR,

KNOWING your desire to insert any-thing in your entertaining Magazine that may either interest or amuse your readers, I send you the following singular circumstance, that occured with some geese belonging to a friend of mine at Hadley, near Barnet.

One morning lately, during the frost, the geese were as usual let out of their roosting place, and, according to their customary habit, went directly to the pond on the Common. They were observed by the family to come back immediately, but you may guess their astonishment, when in a few minutes they were seen to return to the pond, each—five in number—with a woman's patten in their mouths!!! The females, to rescue so useful a part of their dress from the possession of the invaders of their property, immediately commenced an attack, when the waddling banditti made so stout a resistance, that it was not till some male allies were called in, that a victory could be obtained,

I was

I was much concerned when this anecdote was related to me, that the geese were not suffered to proceed, that some observations might be made, how far instinct would direct them to obtain what they so much desired—no doubt it was water—but how they would have used these pattens to break the ice must be left to conjecture. However, one of the men, to reward them for the labour they had undergone, broke the ice with a pole, and then left them taking long libations of their favourite element.

Dec. 25, 1805. C. V. L.

ANCIENT EPICURISM AND MODERN LUXURY.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH the professed design of your admirable work is to give intelligence of the sporting world, yet perhaps you will not refuse to accept a few lines of the *curious.* Impressed with this idea, I have taken the liberty to transcribe and transmit to you a curious specimen of the state of luxury in the fifteenth century, which I lately found in an old manuscript in my possession. If this communication meets with your approbation, permit it to have a place in your magazine; if not, you will oblige the communicator of it by giving it *emendaturis ignibus.*

This article is intitled, "The goodly provision made for the installation feast of George Nevil, Archbishop of York, A. D. 1466," and begins thus—

"In wheat, quarters 300; tuns of ale, 300; tuns of wine, 100; pipes of ipocrasse, 2; oxen, 104; wild bulls, 16; muttons, 1000; veals, 304; swans, 400; porks, 304; geese, 1000; capons, 1000; pigs, 2000; plovers, 400; quails, 1200; fowls called rees, 2400; peacocks, 104; mallards and teales, 4000; cranes, 204; kids, 204; chickens, 2000; pigeons, 2000; conies, 4000; bitterns, 204; herons haws, 400; pheasants, 300; partridges, 500; woodcocks, 400; curlews, 400; egrets, 2000; stags, bucks, and roes, 600; cold pasties of venison, 4000; dishes of jellies, 4000; cold tarts baked, 4000; cold custards baked, 4000; hot venison pasties, 1500; hot custards, 3000; pikes and breams, 3000; porpoises and seals, 20; spices, sugared delicacies, and wafers, great plenty."

This curious bill of fare will give your readers some idea of this enormous feast. No turkeys are mentioned in it, because they were not introduced into England until after the reformation.

Permit me, Mr. Editor, to make some little excuse for thus troubling you with this long catalogue.—Having observed in the acknowledgments to correspondents in your magazine of September last, your acceptance of a piece concerning the potations of the Goths, I presumed that an account of the epicurism of the fifteenth century might be acceptable.—It may make the mouths—if I may use that phrase—of the epicures of the present age water; it may also be a check to those virtuosoes who contend for the temperance of our forefathers, and against the luxurious expence of the present day.

If these reasons will not overbalance the liberty I have taken, I beg that you will pardon

Your constant reader, &c.
CULINARIUS.

A LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES IN GREAT BRITAIN, FOR 1805.

* The Horses, &c. were of the ages mentioned in this List, on May-Day, 1805.

(*Continued from page* 117 *of our last.*)

Years Old. BY MAGPIE. *No. of Prizes.*

8 BLACK DICK, Major Pigot's, the Hunters' Plate of 50gs at Goodwood 1

BY MR. TEAZLE.

4 Chesnut Colt, Mr Hyde's, a 50l. Plate at Canterbury........ 1
6 Pic Nic, Duke of Grafton's, a 50l. Plate at Newmarket 1
5 Slate, Sir H. Lippincott's, a Match of 100gs at Bibury; and the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Newbury 2

BY MOORCOCK.

5 Cockspinner, Mr. Billington's, a 50l. Plate at Hereford; and a Stakes of 30gs, with the Town Plate added, at Shrewsbury; Mr. Lord's, a 50l. Plate, and a Stakes 65gs at Oswestry ... 4
3 Goosecap, Mr. Sitwell's, received 20l. at Manchester; won a Plate of 65l. 15s. at Nottingham; received 10gs at Derby; walked over for the Gold Cup, value 60gs, and won a 50l. Plate at Chesterfield........ 5
3 Grey Colt, (out of Eve) Mr. Anson's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Tewkesbury 1
4 Heathpolt, Sir J. Mawbey's, a Handicap Stakes of 60gs at Egham 1
4 Principle, (late Highflyer) Mr. Day's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Winchester; Mr. Fermor's, a 50l. Plate at Southampton; a 50l. Plate at Newberry; and the King's Plate at Warwick.. 4
4 Skylark, Mr. Glossop's, won the Maiden Plate of 50l. and walked over for a Stakes of 70gs at Chesterfield 2

BY MUFTI.

7 Marianne, Mr. Windham's, a Match of 100gs at Newmarket; Mr. Wilson's, a Match of 100gs, and a Stakes of 150gs at Newmarket 3

BY NEWBYTH.

Young Newbyth, Mr. Baird's, the Hunters' Purse of 50gs at Kelso; and a Purse of 50l. at Fife 2

BY OAK.

Ag. Misfortune, Mr. E. Cripps's, the Welter Stakes of 85gs at Kingscote 1

BY OBERON.

Buckram, Mr. Baker's, a Stakes of 110gs at Newcastle........ 1
4 Damper, Mr. Peverell's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Newcastle.. 1

By OLD TATT.

5 Duchess, Mr. Day's, a 50l. Plate at Hereford 1
4 Forester, Mr. Pemberton's, a Match at Tarporley-Hunt 1

By ORMOND.

5 Br.-Bay Horse, (out of Driver's dam) Lord Darlington's, the Craven Stakes of 50gs at Catterick-Bridge; and a 50l. Plate at Boroughbridge 2
3 Diogenes, Mr. Hutty's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Durham... 1

By OTHO.

Ag. Mr. Mills, *alias* Clausum Frigit, Colonel Thornton's, recd 1000gs and four Hhds. of Coti Roti at York August Meeting...... 1

By OVERTON.

3 Barouche, Sir W. Gerard's, a Stakes of 100gs at Manchester; a Stakes of 60gs at Newton; a Match of 100gs at Preston; and a Stakes of 120gs at Pentefract 4
3 Bay Colt, (out of Fanny) Mr Robinson's, a Match of 200gs at York Spring Meeting 1
6 Bay Gelding, (out of Garnerin's dam) Sir F. Boynton's, walked over for the North Welter Stakes of 80gs at Doncaster 1
3 Br. Colt, (dam by Spadille) Mr. Riddell's, a Stakes of 80gs at Middleham 1
3 Capias, Mr. J. W. Wardell's, a 50l. Plate at Guildford; and a 50l. Plate at Ipswich; Lord Sackville's, two 50l. Plates at Bedford 4
3 Cleveland, Mr. G. Hutton's, a Stakes of 90gs at Skipton; a Stakes of 80gs, and a 50l. Plate af Malton in October 3
3 Didapper, Mr. W. Hutchinson's, a 50l. Plate at Skipton; the King's Plate, and a 50l. Plate at Carlisle; and a 50l. Plate at Penrith 4
3 Elizabeth, Mr. Watt's, walked over for 40gs at Catterick-Bridge. 1
3 Gallina, Sir H. Hunloke's, a Match of 100gs at Doncaster 1
4 Hebe, Mr. Akers's, a Stakes of 90gs at Newcastle, Staffordshire; Mr. Smith's, a Stakes of 110gs at Knutsford; the King's Plate at Lincoln; and two 50l. Plates at Shrewsbury...... 5
3 Honesty, Mr. Mellish's, a Match of 100gs at Newmarket; Mr. Howorth's; received 5gs at Brighton 2
4 Orphan, Mr. Baillie's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Manchester; a 50gs Plate, and walked over for the Ladies' Plate of 50gs at Edinburgh; and won a 50l. Plate at Kelso.............. 4
3 Othello, Mr. Egerton's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Nottingham; and a Stakes of 60gs at Tarporley-Hunt 2
5 Susan, Mr. Bowman's, a Handicap Plate of 50l. at Newcastle, Northumberland 1

By PATRIOT.

2 Georgiana, Sir H. T. Vane's, a Stakes of 120gs at York August Meeting; and a Stakes of 120gs at Pontefract 2

By

By PEGASUS.

5 Bay Mare, (out of Magnolia) Sir Mark Masterman Sykes's, the Welter Stakes of 90gs at Lincoln; and the Hunters' Stakes of 50gs at Doncaster 2

4 Diddler, Mr. Mellish's, three Matches, viz. 100gs, 200gs, and 50gs at Newmarket; and recd 50gs at York August Meeting. 4

4 Eunuch, Mr. W. Fenwick's, the Ladies' Plate of 50l. at Egham; and a 50l. Plate at Lichfield 2

5 Glider, General Grosvenor's, received 25gs at Lincoln......... 1

6 Louisa, Colonel Thornton's, a Match for a Gold Cup, value 700gs at York August Meeting 1

3 Southton, Mr. Branthwayt's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Southampton.. 1

By PETWORTH.

4 Alaric, Mr. Kellermann's, the first Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 450gs at Newmarket 1

By PICKLE.

Ag. Piccadilly, Captain Sutton's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Haverford-West 1

By PIPATOR.

4 Antipator, Mr. W. Hutchinson's, a 50l. Plate at Carlisle 1

3 Chesnut Colt, (out of Serpent) Mr. Lonsdale's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Durham; and a 50l. Plate at Newcastle, Northumberland 2

7 Chilton, Mr. Harrison's, a Handicap Plate of 50l. at Bibury ... 1

3 Lavinia, Mr. Birch's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Ludlow; and a 50l. Plate at Hereford.............................. 2

Ag. Quilldriver, Mr. P. Burrells, the Hunters' Plate of 50l. at Exeter. 1

3 Welch-Harp, Mr. E. L. Hodgson's, a Stakes of 90gs at Chester; Mr. Clifton's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Preston........ 2

By POT-EIGHT-O'S.

6 Enchanter, Lord Sackville's, three Matches, viz. 50gs, 100gs, and 50gs at Newmarket.................................. 3

5 Parasol, Duke of Grafton's, walked over for the King's Plate for Mares; won the Subscription Plate of 50l.; and the Jockey Club Plate of 50gs; walked over for a Subscription of 5gs each, (23 Subscribers); received 50gs; walked over for a 50gs Plate, and the King's Plate in October; and won a Subscription of 140l. at Newmarket 8

By PRECIPITATE.

Ag. Bayard, Mr. C. Lenox's, a Hunters' Stakes of 100gs at Lewes.. 1

4 Bay Colt, (out of Colibri's sister) Sir A. Don's, a 50l. Plate at Stirling 1

4 Bay Filly, (out of Catherine) Lord Egremont's, the Petworth Stakes of 80gs at Brighton, ... 1

10 Bobtail, Mr. D. Boyce's, two Matches of 500gs each, at Newmarket; a Match of 200gs at Lewes; received 25gs, and won a Match of 50gs at Newmarket ....

3 Ches. Filly, (out of Goldenlocks) Sir T. Gascoigne's, a Stakes of 145l. at Newcastle, Northumberland; and a Stakes of 120gs at Pontefract ....

10 Lady Rushmire, (late Matrannee) Mr. Neale's, a 50l. Plate at Ipswich ....

3 Langton, Colonel Childers's, a Stakes of 160gs at Malton Craven Meeting; the 100l. Plate, and recd 150gs at Doncaster 3

3 Mariner, Sir R. Winn's, the Maiden Plate of 50l. at Pontefract.. 1

4 Mirror, Sir H. Lippincott's, a Stakes of 170gs at Maddington; walked over for a Stakes of 60gs at Stockbridge; won a 50l. Plate at Taunton; a Stakes of 70gs, and a 50l. Plate at Salisbury; a Match of 100gs, and a Stakes of 305gs at Kingscote. 7

Ag. Rolla, Duke of Richmond's, the Skirter's Subscription-Plate of 165gs at Goodwood.......................................

3 Sir Riginald, Sir M. Masterman Sykes's, a Stakes of 140gs at Beverley ....

By RAMAH DROOG.

5 Creeping Jane, Capt. Mathias's, a 50l. Plate at Haverford-West.

By RESTLESS.

Ag. Bay Gelding, Capt. Cathcart's, the Hunters' Plate of 50l. at Fife..

3 Miss Fanny Fancy, Mr. W. Bayley's, the Gold Cup, value 50gs at Lincoln ....

By ST. GEORGE.

3 Bumper, Lord Darlington's, two Matches, viz. 50gs and 100gs at Newmarket 2

4 Zodiac, Lord Darlington's, a Stakes of 400gs at Brighton...... 1

By SCREVETON.

3 Miss Welham, Mr. J. Acred's, a Match of 100gs at York Spring Meeting; and a 50l. Plate at Beverley 2

By SELIM, (the ARABIAN.

4 Sir Charles, Mr. Dent's, a 50l. Plate at Catterick-Bridge; Mr. Lonsdales, two 50l. Plates, and received 10gs at Preston.... 4

By SHUTTLE.

4 Gratitude, Mr. J. W. Wardell's, a Handicap Stakes of 200gs, and a Handicap Plate of 50l. at Lewes; and a Stakes of 140gs at Egham; Lord Barrymore's, a Match of 25gs at Newmarket.. 4

3 Staveley, Mr. W. Fletcher's, the Produce Stakes of 200gs at Catterick-Bridge; and a Stakes of 120gs at York Spring Meeting; Mr. Mellish's, the St. Leger Stakes of 675gs at Doncaster 3

(To be continued.)

CHARACTER

CHARACTER OF A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

MR. EDITOR,

SOME of our writers, even political ones, affect to lament that the character denominated "Country Gentleman," is no longer to be found among us. This complaint, I suspect, arises from not knowing sufficiently what the character of a Country Gentleman, or Country Squire, really was.—However, if Squire Western in Tom Jones be thought a little extravagant, I shall transcribe, for the amusement of your readers, a tolerable portrait handed down to us in a very scarce pamphlet, printed in 1706, which lately fell into my hands. It was written, as the title bears, by a lady, and in answer to some writings in which the female character was not treated with the respect to which it is now accustomed. After stating her opinion of the beaux of her day, our authoress proceeds in the following words:

"But as these men will hardly be reckoned much superior to us, on account of their learning or improvement, so will I neither suppose another sort diametrically opposite to these in their humours and opinions: I mean those whose ancestors have been wise and provident, and raised estates by their ingenuity and industry, and given all their posterity after them the means and leisure to be fools. These are generally sent to school in their minority, and were they kept there till they came to the years of discretion, most of them might stay till they could tuck their beards into their girdles before they left carrying the satchel. In conformity to custom and the fashion, they are sent early to serve an apprenticeship to letters, and for seven or eight years are whipt up and down through two or three counties from school to school; when, being arrived at sixteen or seventeen years of age, and having made the usual tour of Latin and Greek authors, they are called home to be made *gentlemen.*

"As soon as the young Squire has got out of the house of bondage, shaken off the awe of the birch, and begins to feel himself at liberty, he considers that he is now learned enough—and it is ten to one but his friends are wise enough to be of his opinion—and thinks it high time to shake off the barbarous acquaintance he contracted with those crabbed, vexatious, and obscure old fellows, that gave him so much trouble and smart at school, companions by no means fit for a gentleman, that wrote only to torment and perplex poor boys, and exercise the tyranny of pedants and schoolmasters. These prudent resolutions taken, his conversation for some years succeeding is wholly taken up by his horses, dogs, and hawks, and the more senseless animals that feed them. His groom, his huntsman, and his falconer, are his tutors; and his walk is from the stable to the dog-kennel, and the reverse of it. His diversion is drudgery, and he is in highest satisfaction when he is most tired. He wearies you in the morning with his sport; in the afternoon, with the noisy repetition, and drink; and the whole day, with fatigue and confusion. His entertainment is stale beer, and the history of his dogs and horses, in which he gives you the pedigree of every one, with the exactness of a herald; and if you be very much in his good graces, it is odds but he makes you a compliment

pliment of a puppy of one of his favourite bitches, which you must take with abundance of acknowledgments of his civility, or else he takes you for a stupid, as well as an ill-bred fellow.

"He is very constant at all clubs and meetings of the country gentlemen, where he will suffer nothing to be talked of but his jades, his curs, and his kites. Upon these he rings perpetual changes, and trespasses as much upon the patience of the company in the tavern, as upon their inclosures in the field, and is least impertinent when most drunk.

"His grand business is to make an assignation at a horse-race, or a hunting-match—and nothing discomposes him so much as a disappointment. Thus accomplished and finished for a gentleman, he enters the civil lists, and holds the scales of justice with as much blindness as she is said to do. From henceforward his worship becomes as formidable to the ale-houses as he was before familiar; he sizes an ale-pot, and takes the dimensions of bread with great dexterity and sagacity.—He is the terror of all the deer and poultry stealers in the neighbourhood, and is so implacable a persecutor of poachers, that he keeps a register of all the dogs and guns in the hundred, and is the scare-beggar of the parish. Short pots and unjustifiable dogs and nets, furnish him with sufficient matter of presentments to carry him once a-quarter to the sessions, where he says little, eats and drinks much, and after dinner hunts over the last chace, and then rides worshipfully drunk home again.

"At home he exercises his authority in granting his letters patent to petitioners for erecting shuffle-boards, and making skittle-alleys. If he happens to live near any little borough or corporation that sends burgesses to parliament, he may become ambitious, and sue for the honour of being made their representative. Henceforward he grows popular, bows to, and treats the mob all around him; and whether there be any in his discourse or not, there is good sense in his kitchen and his cellar, which is more agreeable and edifying. If he be so happy as to out-tap his competitor, and drink his neighbours into an opinion of his sobriety, he is chosen, and up he comes to that honourable assembly where he shows his wisdom best by his silence, and serves his country most in his absence."

If such, Mr. Editor, be the *country gentlemen* who have disappeared from among us, and are not, or very rarely to be found, it may be a question, not difficult to be answered, whether the misfortune is to be regretted? I am, Sir, &c.

J. J. B.

GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SNAKE AND TOAD.

THIS, we are told, actually happened in the neighbourhood of Manea in the Isle of Ely. The wife of a farmer witnessed this strange circumstance as well as an old man who observed them, while leaning upon his stick. She noticed the snake, she said, driving at the toad, while the toad made again at the snake. The next morning the parties made it their business to attend the field of battle, where they found them both dead, the toad being wrapped up in the foldings of the snake, and the snake dead, probably from the infusion of poison at the orifice

orifice of the belly, which poison we are told, toads, in such cases, have the faculty of expressing.

THE HORSE.

FLEURY, in his *Ecclesiastical History*, remarks, that, about the year 799, a council was held in England, one of the decrees of which forbade the cutting off the tails of horses, and the eating of their flesh.

THE PORCUPINE.

THESE animals are found in plenty in the woods of Ceylon; and the Dutch settlers frequently hunt them with dogs. Their sharp quills, however, often fasten into the bodies of dogs that rush too eagerly upon them, so that it is by no means uncommon for them to lose their lives in the pursuit.—*Thunberg's Travels*, vol. iv. p. 233.

THE TIGER.

IN 1693, when M. Bosman was on the coast of Guinea, several sheep kept at one of the forts had been destroyed by a tiger, which at length became so bold, that he once made his appearance about three o'clock in the afternoon. Bosman perceived his approach, and, accompanied by a gunner, two Englishmen, and two negroes, all armed with muskets, he pursued and overtook the animal, but not before he got to a small thicket of underwood, which they beset. The gunner entered the thicket, but in a few minutes came running out, almost frightened to death, and leaving behind him his hat and slippers. The tiger had bitten him, but, luckily for the poor fellow, the breaking down of some of the branches so much alarmed the animal, as to make him retreat again. One of the Englishmen on this, resolved to enter the wood with his musket, and, if possible, to dislodge the animal. The tiger suffered him to approach tolerably near, then sprang upon him with extreme fury, and would soon have torn him to pieces had not his cries brought Bosman and the negroes to his assistance, who compelled the ferocious animal to quit his prey. The man, however, was so wounded, as to remain altogether senseless for some hours afterwards, and, in consequence, the men retired and gave up the combat.

This same tiger was not, however, deterred from coming again in the course of a few days, and killing some more sheep, which induced Bosman to attempt another mode of destroying him. He made a sort of trap of strong pales twelve feet long, and four feet broad, and fastened it to the ground, by placing on the top upwards of a thousand weight of stones. It had a double plank door, and in a place, in one corner, were put two small hogs, so secured, that the tiger could not possibly get at them. The door was set open, like that of a rat trap. The stratagem succeeded so well, that, three days afterwards, the animal was caught. He did not, as it was expected, roar out on finding himself ensnared, but immediately set to work with his teeth in order to eat through the boards; and, had not persons been stationed to watch the trap, he would have effected his escape in the course of half or three quarters of an hour, for he soon rent the inner from the outer door, and gnawed the pales through half their thickness. Bosman was called to the spot; and, to secure the animal, he put the muzzle of his gun, loaded with three balls, betwixt the pales. The furious beast eagerly caught it in his mouth, and was killed by a single discharge.

Contrary to the received opinion, this

this traveller found that the tiger is not much afraid of fire; for, in spite of the great fires that were kindled, for the purpose of preventing the approach of the above-mentioned animal, he often came, apparently fearless, to the sheep-folds, and devoured his prey, unrestrained by the light.

THE RACKOON.

THIS animal is frequently hunted by dogs, in some parts of North America; and, when it runs up a tree to save itself, which, if possible, it contrives to do, a man generally climbs after it, and shakes it to the ground, when the dogs kill it. It is a very destructive animal amongst poultry, creeping, by night, into the houses where they are kept, and sometimes destroying, at one onset, a whole flock. It is easily tamed, and may even be rendered so docile, as to run about the streets, like a domestic animal; but it is altogether impossible to break it of its mischievous habit of thieving. Sugar, and other sweetmeats, must be carefully hidden from it, for, if the chests or boxes containing these be not constantly fastened, it opens them and devours their contents with great eagerness. It is on this account, chiefly, that many persons are induced to forbear the diversion which this ape-like animal would otherwise afford them.

The flesh of the rackoon is eaten, and is said to be exceedingly well flavoured. The skins are used in the manufacture of hats, and the fur is said to rank next to that of the beaver for excellence. The inhabitants of America frequently wear the tail round their necks in winter.

These animals, in their wild state, lodge in the hollows of trees during the day, never going out, except at night, unless the day be cloudy, and unusually dark. Professor Kalm was informed by several persons well acquainted with the manners of the rackoons, that, in bad weather, especially during snow or storms, they will sometimes lie in their holes for a week together, without once making their appearance abroad.—In gardens, they often do much damage among the apples, chesnuts, plumbs, and grapes. When they observe a hen sitting on her eggs, they are said first to kill the bird, and then devour the eggs.

THE STORK.

IN the winter season storks are very numerous in Seville. Almost every tower in the city is peopled with them, and they return yearly, each to their proper nests. They destroy all the vermin to be found on the tops of the houses; and, from this circumstance, and their devouring a great number of snakes, which abound in the neighbourhood, they are considered, by the inhabitants, as welcome guests, and are looked upon with peculiar veneration.—*Dillon's Travels in Spain*, p. 308.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THIS bird spends its winter in Lower Egypt. Sonnini saw several in different parts of the Delta, where they prefer the closest covert, and places near the water. Here they do not exert that melodious voice, nor those brilliant modulations which make our European groves resound. The only sound they utter here, is that kind of hoarse noise, or rattling in the throat, which in Europe succeeds their usual strains.—They arrive in Egypt in the autumn, and depart in spring. They are, however, perhaps, more freely dispersed through Syria, and some other districts of Asia, than Egypt. Sonnini, however, observes, that they are sufficiently common in the latter country.—*Sonnini's Travels in Egypt*, vol. ii. p. 51.

THE

THE HUNTING TIGER.

THERE are now in the Tower of London three curious animals, called chetas, or hunting tigers, which in the year 1800 were presented by the Court of Directors of the East India Company to his Majesty, with a hunting-cart, two trained bullocks, and every article necessary for the chase. These animals were caught in the woods of Bydroog, they were about three years old, and had been trained for hunting for the amusement of Tippoo Sultuan, in Seringapatam.—— They were accompanied by six native huntsmen, three of whom had actually been in the service of the above prince.

The cheta is the animal mentioned by Tavernier, Bernice, and other eastern travellers, under the name of the hunting-leopard; it differs, however, from the leopard properly so called, in the following particulars: It bears a greater resemblance to the greyhound in the length and slenderness of its body and limbs; its head is proportionally smaller than that of the leopard, the iris of the eye is of a deeper yellow, and the face is distinguished by a dark line, descending from the corner of each eye to the mouth. The spots of this animal are each distinct, and not arranged in circles. The body and limbs—excepting the throat, breast, and belly, where a long whitish hair extends—are thickly covered with those spots, beautifully varied in size, of a round or oval shape, of a fine dark colour, on a ground of a light tawny brown.— The ears, which are short and round, are each marked behind with a broad dark bar; and the tail, which is long, slender, and somewhat bushy at the extremity, is marked with four such bars from the tip upwards.

The cheta differs much in disposition from the leopard, being easily broken in and trained for the chase; though, like other animals of the same species, it at times evinces the jealousy and malignity of its nature. Its keeper approaches to caress it with diffidence and caution, and it is led to the chase chained and hoodwinked.

The size of the full-grown cheta is, from the nose to the extremity of the tail, about three feet eight inches, and its height, from the ground to the top of the shoulder, two feet four inches.

When Tippoo Sultuan took the amusement of hunting with these chetas, he was generally in the field at sun-rise, accompanied by his two sons, and a few courtiers and favourites. The chase was conducted under the superintendence of a chief huntsman, called Meer Shikar, and several attendants. Very little state was observed on the occasion, and none were present but those who received particular invitations. Each cheta was carried on a light cart, drawn by two bullocks trained for the purpose; the huntsmen of each was seated on his respective cart, and the other attendants followed it close on foot. The carts moved in regular succession, and the chief huntsman conducted the leading cart; the cheta, as we observed before, hoodwinked. The spectators and sportsmen keep close to the carts, and preserve the most profound silence, in order to avoid alarming the game. On discovering a herd of deer, they proceed with greater caution, and take such a position as to oblige the antelope to run up hill or over broken ground. When they arrive within four or five hundred yards of the game, the men on foot turn the cheta's head towards the antelope, uncover his eyes, and then let him loose. The cheta

cheta continues to be very cautious till he is within two hundred yards of the antelope; he then gets bolder, begins to run, and follows his prey with the greatest rapidity for three or four hundred yards, when he is either successful or gives up the chase. If the cheta has been successful, after seizing the antelope, he holds it by the back with his mouth in such a manner as not to hurt it, and keeps the prey down on the ground till the keeper arrives; he is then hoodwinked, the throat of the antelope is cut, and a leg or two is given to the cheta as his reward.

A cheta will run two or three times in a day, and he always selects the largest buck of the herd.—In large herds two or three chetas are let out, and then the sport is highly diversified and interesting.

THE REVERIE.

The Old Hunter in the Pound—The Benefits of Mine and Thine—Lamentation for Lightfoot—Character of Sir Clement Morland; and his Treatment of the Old Hunter, the swift-footed Felix—Eulogy on Gratitude—Rhapsody on Justice—Greenwich Hospital—Address to the Veterans there—Apostrophe to Admiral Nelson.

THE belly has no ears, says the proverb, and hunger is sharp.—The poor old hunter had again transgressed, and was again in the pound, where of late his elegiac narrative was made. The sight hurt my feelings—I heav'd a deep sigh, turned from the unpleasant scene, and went on my way musing and reasoning on the vicissitudes of events and circumstances. The situation of the once noble quadruped, the tale of woe so lately heard, wrought upon my mind, and stirred up my reasoning faculties to argumentation; and I said, "Who shall dare to assert that those were days of happiness when mine and thine were terms unknown among mankind? I shall assert no such thing, since it appears to me that mine and thine are the primary sources of plenty, and of all genuine freedom and happiness. The mutability of human events, the precariousness of the seasons, the probability that days may come when the vigour and activity of youth must yield to weakness and helpless decrepitude; these, with various other contingencies, inspires the prudent to acts of industry, care, and frugality; they cheerfully cultivate the earth, assiduously endeavour to procure the necessaries and conveniences of life, and to provide for days and seasons which may arrive.—Hence the source of plenty; to this cause it is owing that there is always something in reserve to supply the wants of needful days and years of scarcity; this is the root of plenty; wealth increases wealth, and increase begets increase; and where sufficient is left for consumption, and to beget future increase, there plenty may be expected; but where the source of increase is diminished, there scarcity is inevitable.—Were it not for mine and thine, this fertile island, this garden of plenty, would be a dreary desert, a waste howling wilderness, barren and comfortless, unpleasant to the eye, impassable to the traveller.—Instead of oxen and sheep, would appear thorns and briars; instead of horses, wolves; instead of domestic fowls, the crow, the raven, the owl, and the vulture; and instead of highways, there would appear marshes, bogs, and vapour-raising fens: but mine and thine have raised it above itself, and it soars

soars in fertility and pleasantness beyond its nature; it is clothed with abundance, the wild animals of the field range in plenty, and are in some degree of safety and protection; the labourer has his comfortable dwelling, the indolent and improvident have daily bread, the merchant and tradesman flourish in affluence, and the statesman lives in grandeur and elegance. All this, and much more, flows from mine and thine: they are, however, the cause of envyings, of some sufferings, and perhaps of some oppression; yet every rational mind will acknowledge them to be the parents of every virtue, of all order and true content, of plenty, and of all genuine enjoyments; the cause of every thing that is convenient for the body and pleasant to the imagination, for through them are all wants supplied and every sense gratified.

Man alone hath this privilege, this divine prerogative of saying, "This is mine, and that is thine." Animals, though percipient beings, have it not!—Had they this first, this most excellent freedom, this choicest good; then hadst thou, poor suffering Lightfoot, reaped the fruits of thy youthful abilities and prosperous days, and thou wouldst probably have reserved something to have mitigated thy misfortunes when they came upon thee, something to have soothed the natural consequences of having seen many days! But thou, poor beast, with all thy fellows, art a slave; thy youth, thy active deeds, thy noble daring, thy great achievements—have all reverted to thy unkind lord and master, who, when thy career of glory was cut short by casualty, cast thee off to act in a lower sphere, from which thou hast been degraded to a still lower and lower, till thou art fallen to be the passive slave of the most degenerate and unfeeling wretch in being. Oh! thou unkind master, who didst enjoy the prime doings of poor Lightfoot—to rid thy hands of him as soon as misfortune rendered him incapable of performing the feats of his healthful and vigorous days.—Not so Sir Clement Morland! no—in him the worn out, the unfortunate, and the aged animal, found a bountiful and kind master, a plentiful and safe asylum—On his rich domains ranged for ten years in ease, in plenty, and in good liking, the swift-footed Felix. I knew him well, have seen his graceful motions in the sportive field, and his enjoyments on the rich pastures of his humane and noble-minded master—With sweet emotions Sir Clement saw the generous old Felix at his ease, safely cropping the herbage of the earth. Nor was Felix less pleased to see his old friend and patron; he erected his ears, shook his shaggy mane, and would gravely canter on towards his master; approaching near him, he would stop short, turn on his heel, bow his head, and wreath his neck, and in gay frolicsome motions, imitate the gambols of his youthful days; then turning again, he would approach his master, and receive the gentle stroke and kind pat of his hand. When in his thirtieth year, Sir Clement ordered the venerable old fellow to be caparisoned, and led to his hall door—he mounted him, and gave him the rein to go whithersoever he pleased. Felix turned towards the town, kept on his grave pace till he arrived at the door of Sir Clement's old and highly valued friend, and there he stopt. The door was quickly thrown open; the old friend gave one hand to Sir Clement, and said, while with the

other he patted old Felix on the neck, "This is a great and unexpected happiness, to meet two such old friends at my door this morning.

How amiable are the soft virtues of gratitude, kindness, tenderness, and humanity!—These virtues are calm and serene, they make no noise, no bustle in the world; and being thus calm and gentle, how little are they heeded! their excellence, their benign effects pass by, and are seldom noticed in the busy multitude; yet are they the first of virtues. The marshal spirit, it is true, is justly admired; it protects the weak, and frees the earth from rapacious depredating monsters in human shape, and the less savage tyrants of the desert; it keeps in awe the arbitrary tyrant, and brings under subjection those who contemn all order and moral equity—Justice, stern, rigid, and upright, is likewise a god-like virtue; she defends the rights and prerogatives of individuals, and enacts that each man shall enjoy the fruits of his labour and care, and quietly enjoy whatever fortunate events may heap upon him, or whatever birth-right may entitle him to possess.

War puts down tyrants, makes the guilty shake,
But makes the earth to her foundations quake;
Ambition keeps in awe, employment finds
For discontented and aspiring minds;
Sends unsafe subjects to a distant sphere,
And frees the peaceful man of dread and fear.
Dead-piercing Justice, on her rocky throne,
Makes each man's deeds and injuries her own;
A rigid judge, yet friendly in her way,
Her equal laws she makes mankind obey;
A shield and buckler to each honest hand,
The strength and bulwark of this fertile land:
Yet Justice is severe, she penetrates
The deeds of men, of kingdoms, and of states.
Esteem'd she is, because we know her good;
Is lov'd, like med'cine that refines the blood.
But meek-ey'd Mercy, kind humanity,
—The first of virtues that in nature be—
Sooths ev'ry wound, and calms the troubled breast,
And lays the wretched suff'rer down in rest;
'Tis void of ostentation, grandeur, shew,
Smooth as th' unruffled lake, its actions flow;
'Tis like the music talk'd of in the spheres,
Or still small voice upon Elijah's ears.

Greenwich Hospital now appeared in my prospect, and I said, hail august fabric, monument of grandeur and amplitude; thou that rearest thy lofty front and expansive wings equal to the proudest palace in Europe, great work of charity, benevolence, and humanity, all hail!—In thee the aged and maimed veterans find a safe and peaceful asylum, and solace themselves in the substantial produce of this fruitful land; each is supplied with the flesh of the strength-giving ox, each has his jug of brown stout to cheer his heart. In thee each veteran quaffs the Indian weed, till thy walls are tarnished with the fumes of that social, that bewitching plant. In thee they fight over their battles again, and tell of many a gallant action, hazardous attempt, and bold exploit; their great fatigues, hair-breadth escapes, and imminent dangers on the ensanguined ocean. Alas! how many hardy tars, brave veterans of the watery world, are now about to enter thee, and to partake of thy bounties.—Pass on ye brave tars, there is a provision made for ye; there solace your hearts in peace, spread the balm of charity over your nobly

bly gotten wounds, and forget your sufferings, cares, and toils—Ye bravely fought for your king and country, ye were wounded by the side of your much-loved and gallant commander, the great, the valiant, the ever-to-be-renowned Nelson.—What a manly hardiness is seen in these disabled veterans! they thump the floor with their wooden legs; with their stumps of arms they make significant motions, as they recount the glories of the day their revered and highly honoured commander so gloriously fell—so nobly gave up his soul to immortal glory, and transferred his name to everlasting renown. Around the weather-beaten wounded tars the boys are gathered, greedily devouring the narrative of their glorious actions, and noble daring on Trafalgar's waters—courage lightens up their eyes, and as the narrative proceeds, glows and brightens upon their countenances. The hardy tars who were wounded at St. Vincent, wish they had been reserved to have lost a leg or arm, or even to have fallen with the brave Nelson at the battle off Trafalgar.——Brave indeed! faithful and loyal wert thou Horatio—but thou art fallen! thou cheerfully gavest thy king and thy country thine all. The ravages which time and fatigue had made in thy constitution, the mutilations of thy corporeal frame, were not to deter thee from thy duty!—thou bravedst every danger, cheerfully encounteredst every fatigue, watching, and care!—The love of life, the sense of danger, the wish to participate with thy grateful country the glory and joy of the laurels thou hadst gathered, and the transcendent conquest thou wast gaining! All, all these—powerful incentives with common men—were of insufficient force to put thee from thy station, and thy duty; or to urge thee to flee to precautionary shifts to evade the common danger. Valiant hero, faithful commander, loyal subject, thou art greatly fallen, and the loss of thee is widely, is generally lamented; but thy mournful obsequies are honourably paid, and thou restest in an honourable tomb, graced with the ensigns of thy great and virtuous actions; thou restest for ever in sure possession of glory! The smooth unruffled days of domestic peace and enjoyment, the decays and infirmities which time ever brings, are debarred from tarnishing or drawing any the least shade over thy glory and high renown; and it may be said—Nelson, the ever-to-be-admired Nelson, is great and glorious beyond the power of chance and fickle fortune. In various notes resounding, most illustrious man, shall thy praise and great deeds be heard throughout this land of liberty and plenty! children turning the circular wheel shall sing of thy battles! the rosy-cheeked milk maid, as she draws the rich stream from the full udders, shall chant forth thy achievements and glorious actions! the cheerful ploughman, turning the fertile glebe; the sturdy carter, driving his team; shall enliven the noblest of quadrupeds with the battle of the Nile! each village alehouse, each elegant inn, each sumptuous hotel, each politic-loving coffee room, shall echo with praises of thy well earned renown, in songs descriptive of thy great deeds, and glorious—though lamented fall—on Trafalgar! each elegant apartment shall exhibit thy bust! the painter, in lively glowing colours, shall, faithfully as the life, depict thy battles! the sculptor shall raise thy monumental column, and in hieroglyphics represent thy great achievements

achievements to ages yet unborn! the historian shall faithfully relate thy virtuous life and many great actions, thou most gallant commander! and lastly, the poet shall sing, in sweetly flowing and sublime numbers, the great hero of this fluid girded nation; the noble theme will inspire and warm imagination, and they shall sing thee in

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn!"

And I, even I, the lowest of the tuneful nine, will offer thee, great hero, my mite of praise: though simple the essay, it may meet with some musical genius, and perhaps be graced with such manly sounds as have oft echoed over the seas, and enlivened thy care-employed hours. A. B.

N. B. For the song that follows, see our poetical department of the present number.

THE DOG-FANCYER.

A FEW weeks since died at his house at Knightsbridge, ... B. Esq. at the advanced age of 72, at which place be resided for upwards of twenty years previous to his death. Mr. B. was a very singular character, and, from his eccentricities, was generally thought to be a little deranged. In such opinion, however, the writer of this article can by no means concur, unless strong passions, an irritable disposition, a lively imagination, great classical learning, and an extensive reading and observation, be considered as the constituent parts of a madman. He was principally remarkable for an inordinate love of the canine species; but this was not without reason, as it appears he was saved from assassination, in his travels through France and Italy, by a dog. He was never till lately, without four or five very large ones of the setter kind, lineally descended from the very dog that saved his life. Lately, the old stock was reduced to one, and the others were in some degree supplied by a small terrier, and an enormous dog of the Albany breed. They were fed and lodged in, I may say, a sumptuous style; beef steaks, buttered rolls, ginger-bread, and pastry, were no uncommon diet for them; and, as to lodging, one or two slept in the room with himself; the others were provided with mattresses in other apartments of his house. He kept two lads to wait on them; and, at stated hours, however bad the weather, and in spite of every other consideration, he himself took them out for air and exercise; the last of those hours was between one and two in the morning, which necessarily kept him up almost all night.—In addition to the dogs he kept, he had, as he termed them, a great many pensioners, that regularly came, some from a great distance, to be fed daily at his door; and, frequently, when he met a half starved dog in his walks, he would take him to a confectioner's, and treat him with a shilling's-worth of tarts; or, if a hawker of dogs meat chanced to be near, to a more substantial meal of horse-flesh. When any one of his dog's died, it was placed in a kind of coffin—laid in state for a day or two, with wax candles burning around, and Mr. B. sitting in a disconsolate mood beside it—after which, it was interred with great solemnity; on which occasion Mr. B. generally wrote an elegy, descriptive of the beauty and qualities of his departed friend, the dog

By

By his last will, it appears he has bequeathed £25 a-year, to each of the dogs that were living at the time of his decease. His whole family consisted of his canine friends, the two boys already mentioned, and an old woman. He had an utter aversion to physic; and would consequently admit of no assistance from the sons of medicine, nor suffer any person to approach him in his last moments. Notwithstanding his whole affection seemed to be settled on his dogs, yet he was not devoid of feeling for the human race, and many an indigent and unfortunate object will have reason to lament his death.

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1806.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

AT this season of the year, moral writers are very apt to give us much good advice; I have to inform them they may on this occasion save themselves a great deal of trouble, and their readers the fatigue of purusing their grave admonitions, because the following personages have begun the year with a string of resolutions, which they are solemnly pledged to keep, and which, if kept, we must allow will render it quite superfluous for those wise advisers to continue their admonitions any longer. They may then close their labours with a solemn declaration, that, from and after the first day of January One thousand eight hundred and six, all vice and folly ceased in the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

In the first place—*Statesmen* have resolved to have no other object in view than the good of their country, to abolish all sinecure places and pensions, to introduce plans of economy, and to encourage nothing but merit.

Members of Parliament have resolved never to speak but to the purpose, which some think will shorten the debates very considerably.

The *Clergy* are resolved to reside on their livings, and to apply themselves sedulously to the duties of their sacred profession.

The *Lawyers* are resolved to encourage no causes that can be adjusted by arbitration, to encourage no litigations about trifles, to stick close to the subject in their pleadings, not to browbeat the witnesses, and to give every encouragement to the bench in checking the alarming growth of licentiousness among the upper ranks.

The *Physicians* have determined to follow nature in her operations, to prescribe no more than is necessary, and to be very moderate in their fees.

Justices of the Peace are resolved to look a little to the conduct of their officers, and enforce their diligence in apprehending well-known offenders, and bringing them to justice, without considering what they may *weigh*.

People of Fashion are resolved to discourage all games of chance that are played for higher sums than sixpence each game, rubber, or pool; and this, it is supposed, will make a considerable difference in the incomes of some of the first families in the kingdom.

Ladies of ton are resolved to give over those foolish and troublesome meetings called routs, in which there is neither friendship, sociality, conversation, nor any thing for which society was originally formed.——

They

They are resolved also to discharge from their acquaintance all persons convicted in open court of deliberate seduction. It is thought this last resolution will make great changes in the effrontery of certain gentlemen.

Citizens and Citizens Wives are resolved no longer to ape the fashions and manners of the gentry, as they sit but awkwardly on their persons, and more awkwardly on their purses; which is done with the kind view of lessening the *whereases* in the Gazette. Your's &c.

The Public Secretary.

A TAME PIG MISTAKEN FOR A WILD BOAR.

GENERAL H.....r, who now holds a situation of high military trust, was formerly a Captain in a Regiment of Dragoons, and, like most young officers, had more gallantary than cash. An intrigue with a married lady involved him in the consequences of an action for crim. con. and a verdict against him, with £5000 damages, when he had not as many shillings, compelled him to quit his country and take refuge in France. He repaired to Calais, at that time the resort of all the English who found it convenient to reside on the Continent.—Lord C. H....n, and several other well-known sporting characters, had their head quarters at the principal hotel. No sooner was the arrival of Captain H....r announced, than a deputation was sent to invite him. The invitation was immediately accepted, and Lord H. who was well acquainted with the Captain, and knew how passionately fond he was of hunting, promised the company a good joke at his expence. It happened about this time that a report was current of a couple of wolves having made their appearence in the Forest of Guines, and carried off a score of sheep and a shepherd or two. Upon this theme Lord C. H. set to work. He told the Captain that his arrival was fortunate, as he would have an opportunity of enjoying his favourite diversion in perfection. He added that the neighbouring country was almost desolated by a wild boar of most portentous size and appearance, and he proposed a hunting match to take place the next morning. The proposal was received with rapture, and Captain H. prepared himself for the chase. He got his hunter and rifle gun ready, and as he was told the boar might attempt to run at him, he fortified his limbs with a pair of high boots which reached to his middle. Thus equipped, he was prepared at all points for the dreadful rencounter. In the mean time Lord H. considered, that as the chance of finding a wild boar in the Forest of Guines was precarious, it was necessary at least to make sure of a tame one. Accordingly he repaired to a *Marchand des Cochons* in Calais, and purchased one of the largest and best fed boar pigs he could find. Early in the morning he directed his servant to proceed with the boar in a string to the Forest of Guines, and stop near the pillar erected to commemorate the fall of Pilatre de Rozier. He instructed him, as soon as he heard the sound of hunting horns, to slip the string, let the pig loose, and conceal himself by climbing a tree, perfectly assured the animal would not wander far. The lad stationed himself as was ordered, and about ten o'clock, the gallant Captain, at the head of a numerous cavalcade, advanced to destroy

destroy the formidable boar. When the troop neared the designated spot, the horns certified their approach. The hog was slipped, and, happy in regaining his liberty, contented himself with taking his breakfast precisely where he was set free.—The Captain rode boldly on with his rifle ready cocked, and the noise of the party disturbing the harmless repast of the boar, he began grunting and snorting in the customary manner of the swinish race.

The Captain soon perceived him; his imagination magnified the animal into "a rugged Hyrcanian boar, the tyrant of the woods;" and he conceited himself about to rival one of the labours of Hercules. He let fly and missed—the pig made off *a grand pas*. The Captain followed, loaded, fired, and missed again. The third time he was more fortunate. He hit the poor pig in the neck, and down he dropped.—The company galloping up, the Captain dismounted, and with his sabre, dexterously cut off the animal's head. It was insisted, that as he had achieved the principal honour of the chase, he should carry the boar's head in triumph through the streets of Calais. A large stake was provided, and the head was fixed on the top. The Captain, exulting in his victory, remounted, seized the standard, and resting one end on his foot, displayed the terrific symbol of his prowess. He entered Calais with as much pride as Sir Guy of Warwick, when he carried the head of a dragon to Athelstan at Lincoln. The good people of the town were amazed at such a procession, and the *Marchand des Cochons*, who recognised the head of his old acquaintance, could not refrain from laughter. The sons of Nimrod arrived at their hotel, and sat down to a sumptuous dinner, where the Captain was drank to as the valiant Englishman, who had not been forty-eight hours in Calais, before he had slain the most tremendous boar that ever ravaged any country. The Captain received their praises with becoming modesty, but still he thought within himself he merited ten times greater. After dinner, when the glass had circulated freely, the whole story was developed, and the circumstances of the adventure made manifest. The Captain was at first highly mortified and irritated, but at length he was fain to purchase the secrecy of the company, and avoid being made the talk of the town, by coming down a handsome treat, and entertaining, at his own cost, the whole of the hunting party.

CARDS AND SCANDAL.

MR. EDITOR,

SLANDER has long held a distinguished place at our card tables; and, for the improvement of both cards and scandal, an ingenious friend of mine, Phil Playful, intends offering to the public, thro' the channel of your invaluable miscellany, a new discovery or invention, by way of *make-game* I suppose—for Phil is a little satirical—by which the *Tabbies* may instruct each other at whist, as children learn geography, while they play at a game. The art is, that of uniting the attention to the cards and to the killing of characters at one and the same time, by which both games may go on at once, and many tricks got in at each. Indeed he affects to prove, that there are many remarkable *synonimes* in the play, such as a *see-saw*, playing from a strong suit and

and leading through an *honour*, shuffling, cutting, the point, the single, a double, and the *rubber*.

It is curious, that the game of slander is the most quiet and composing game in the world; so much so, that if it were not certain that these good old ladies and maids had no meaning in what they said, one would suppose they were in earnest. It is frequently whispered with the strictest injunctions of silence—— "Ma'am, it is your lead."—"Did you here of that to day?"—"What's trumps?"—"She never can appear again in public."—"I have lost the odd trick."——"Her reputation's gone."—"We are four by honours." —"Poor thing I pity her!"

Perhaps the sagacious Mr. Hoyle, or Bob Short, or some other experienced whist-players, have enjoined silence as a necessary condition of the play, to favour the exercise of this art; for it must have occurred to them, that things so analagous might be carried on at the same time, and that a whisper would answer either purpose—that of winning a trick, or stabbing a character.

BILLY BADGER.

UPON

A RIDICULOUS FONDNESS FOR ANIMALS.

MR. EDITOR,

THOUGH I regard animals—particularly dogs—for their attachment and fidelity to their benefactors, I cannot approve of the conduct of those who give them a preference to human beings. A person in affluence, whose heart would be callous to the distress of a neighbour and fellow creature, is highly censurable; but when that person, deaf to the cries of human misery, shall feed her lap-dog with the choicest viands, she must appear detestable in the eyes of the world.

I knew a lady who discharged her servant for exercising the following piece of cruelty and fraud upon Pompey the Little: the wing of a capon was ordered to be given to the favourite quadruped, but the domestic insulted him with a leg. A discovery of this imposition was made, and John was instantly turned away with the following remonstrance and menace: "Have not I often charged you never to presume to give any thing but white meat to my dear little idol? Have not you frequently heard me say, that gross food created flatulencies in his delicate bosom? You know not the sufferings which your audacity may have brought upon my poor little angel! Prepare this moment for your departure from my house: I would not keep such a monster for the universe; and to teach you better behaviour for the future, this circumstance shall not be suppressed if I should be applied to for your character."

Some ladies have even put on sable for the loss of a favourite of the canine race, and for a time have been inconsolable: the corpse has been suffered to remain in the house for at least a week before interment, during which no visits were received or paid, and the undertaker made all the necessary preparations for a pompous funeral. It sometimes happens that the body is permitted to lie in state, in an apartment hung with mourning and solemn trappings for that purpose!

I remember to have heard a story which may not be unaptly introduced on this occasion: "An old lady, wishing her dear Fidelle to have a Christian burial, hired a person

son to dig a grave and inter him in the church yard; the cemetry being at a little distance from the town, this task was performed in the middle of the night, and the grave-digger imagined he had escaped detection. But he was mistaken; the fact was communicated to the vicar, and he ran to the disconsolate lady to upbraid her for sacrilegiously burying a dog in consecrated ground. The lady's answer was laconic; she presented a bank-note of twenty pounds to the offended ecclesiastic assuring him that the dog had bequeathed him that sum as a legacy. His reverence made his bow and departed, and the ashes of Fidelle were suffered to remain undisturbed in hallowed ground."

Some years since, a lady of the name of Griggs died at an advanced age in Southampton Row, London. Her fortune was £30,000 at the time of her decease. *Credite Posteri!* her executors found in her house eighty-six living, and twenty-eight dead cats. Her mode of interring her favourites was, as they died, to place them in different boxes, which were heaped on one another in closets, as the dead are described by Pennant to be in the church of St. Giles. She had a black female servant—to her she left £150 *per annum* to keep the favourites whom she left alive."

This extravagant fondness has been extended to other quadrupeds as well as dogs and cats. We are informed in Roman story, "That the Emperor Caligula was extravagantly fond of a particular horse. He invited him to supper, fed him with gilt barley, and caused wine to be presented to him in vessels of gold; he ordered a stable of marble to be erected for him and furnished with an ivory manger, covered with high purple, and adorned with a collar of pearls. On this horse he also bestowed an elegant mansion magnificently furnished, and provided with a number of domestics, to enable him to entertain his friends in the most sumptuous style. He swore by the life and fortune of this animal, made him a priest, and promised to make him a consul, which promise he perhaps would have performed, had not the Emperor been killed soon after by Cassius Chæreas a captain of his guards, and other conspirators."

Let it not, however, be imagined that either the animals I have mentioned, or Caligula's horse, should have any blame imputed to them. It does not follow, that, because I treat my dog improperly, all other dogs should suffer by it; and that a statute should therefore be framed which might almost extirpate the whole race: or that because Caligula's folly was so extravagantly displayed in honour of his horse, all such noble animals should be despised. Your's, &c. J. J. B.

ANECDOTE.

A FEW years ago a possessor of Warthell Hall, in the village of Gilcruix, in Cumberland, being a great card-player, and at one time being on the wrong side of fortune to a great amount, in order to retrieve his losses, at once determined to make a desperate stroke, and pledged Warthell Hall and the estate in a single stake at the game of *Put*. The story goes, that the game running nearly even at the concluding deal, he exclaimed—

"Up now *duce*, or else a *tray*,
"Or Warthell's gone for ever and aye."

The cards came up according to his

his wishes, and he saved his estate; and, to perpetuate the remembrance of that event, he had sculptured on one end of his house the figure of a card duce, and a tray on the other, which remain at the present time.

THE

CARIBOU AND CARCAJOU.

An Engraving.

THE Carcajou, a species of cat, is a carnivorous animal, and inhabits the coldest parts of North America. Its weight is generally from 25 to 35 pounds. It is about two feet in length, from the end of the snout to the tail, which is about eight inches long. Its head is very short and thick in proportion to the rest of its body; the eyes very small; the jaws very strong, and furnished with 32 very sharp teeth. Notwithstanding it is small, it is very strong and furious; and though carnivorous, it is so slow and heavy, that it crawls upon the snow rather than walks upon it. One would scarce conceive from this description, that this is a rapacious beast of prey.

As it walks it can catch no other animal than the beaver, which in its motion is as slow as itself; and that must be in summer, when the beaver is out of its cabin; but in winter it can only destroy the cabin, and by that means surprise the beaver; which, though performed with great vivacity, very seldom succeeds; because the beaver, if it receives the slightest warning, has its sure retreat under the ice. However, as the beaver, even in the winter, goes into the woods to seek for fresh provisions, which he likes better than stale, the carcajou may, and frequently does, attack him there.

In the woods, the carcajou hides itself among the branches of the trees till it finds an opportunity of leaping on the back of its prey.—The chase that is most successful to him is that of the elk and caribou*. The elk chuses in winter a place where grows a quantity of the anagyris fœtida, or stinking bean trefoil, because it feeds upon it; and remains there unless it is pursued by the hunters. The carcajou having once observed the elk's road, climbs up a tree near which he must pass, and from thence leaps upon him, and seizes his throat in a moment. In vain does the poor elk lie down upon the ground, or rub himself against the trees, for nothing will make the carcajou let go his hold; and the hunters have sometimes found pieces of their skin as large as a hand, that have stuck to the tree against which the elk has rubbed himself, in hopes of shaking off his devouring enemy.

The caribou, also a prey to this voracious animal, is a species of deer found chiefly about Hudson's Bay: it is something less than the moose deer, but stronger in its make.—These animals are seen in prodigious flocks during the summer months about the Danish river and Port Nelson, and are remarkably swift. Their hoofs are flat and large, and furnished with very coarse hair between the divisions, which hinders them from sinking into the snow,

* Guthrie, in his Geographical Grammar, observes, "The carcajou suspends himself by his long tail from the bough of a tree, and darts on the back of the caribou as he passes under its branches."

on

on the surface of which they run as swiftly as on firm ground.

When it inhabits the thick woods it makes its roads in winter like the elk, and is in the same manner there attacked by the carcajou, who does not chase the caribou, but in thick places he dexterously leaps upon him from the branch of a tree, fixes himself near its neck, and immediately opens the jugalar vein with his teeth, by which the animal bleeds to death, and the carcajou feeds upon his flesh at leisure. The caribou has but one method of escaping from its enemy, and that is by jumping into the water, which the carcajou cannot bear, and immediately quits his hold. J. J. B.

CULINARY SPORTING.

MR. EDITOR,

A CITIZEN of London, I presume, from the nature of his education, does not possess a mind prepared for intellectual pleasure.—His more advanced life is occupied by his shop, his warehouse, or his manufactory, and his head is continually employed on calculations of profit and loss—so that, when the time of recreation arrives, he has no other taste to indulge, but that which is gratified by culinary productions. Nay, the progress of a feast is dwelt upon and recapitulated with as much delight by him, as a collection of the finest works of art, or the most profound labours of science, by conoisseurs and scholars.

Indeed, to say the truth, eating and drinking are the main-springs of all the public business of the city of London: and whereas, in the concerns of state, and the government of the nation, recourse must be had to the head—in the management of the city affairs, application must be made to the stomach. The history of the city body corporate and its transactions will prove this assertion.

The Lord Mayor has an annual allowance of six or seven thousand pounds; and it is generally expected, if he wishes to avoid the character of a niggard, that he will add as much more to support what is called Mansion-house hospitality.—The two Sheriffs must also, each of them, allot from twelve to fifteen hundred pounds, for the maintenance of what is called their dignity: and four-fifths of these large sums are expended in entertainments. If to these are added the dinners given by the Aldermen to their Common Council, and the perennial feastings of the numerous livery companies, it must be acknowledged, that the character which the citizens have obtained for guttling and gormandizing is richly deserved.

Indeed it appears to me, that certain respectable families in the city have acquired their names from circumstances of a banqueting nature; for I myself remember an Alderman *Kite*, an Alderman *Gosling*, an Alderman *Alsop*, an Alderman *Bull*, an Alderman *Ironside*, an Alderman *Gill*, and an Alderman *Kitchen*.

Besides the above, there has also been, within these three or four years, a Sheriff of London, of the name of *Liptrap*; Mr. Sheriff *Liptrap*. It may, I think, be very reasonably concluded, that these appropriate names could not have been a work of chance-medley, but must have arisen from some eating or drinking peculiarity, or preeminence in the remote ancestors of these very worthy Magistrates.

Many of the streets, &c. in the city, seem to have derived their denominations

nominations from similar causes—such as *Pudding Lane*, *Pye Corner*, *Honey Lane*, *Milk Street*, *Green Lettuce Lane*, *the Poultry*, *Bread Street*, *Barbican*, (which I take to be a corruption of *Barbecue*), *Bull and Mouth Street*, *Philpot Lane*, *Patty-pan Court*, *Frying-pan Ally*, *Portsoken Ward*, *&c. &c.*—Many of the signs might, I should think, be traced to the same origin; as, *the Goose and Gridiron*, *the Shoulder of Mutton*, *the Cock and Bottle*, *the Sugar-loaf*, *Chocolate-pot*, *&c. &c.*

In fact, the Mayoralty of a representative for the city must be a kind of twelvemonth's canvas, not by waiting on the Citizens at their houses, but by inviting them to his. In short, during all that period, the venison must be roasting, the turtle stewing, the taps running, and the corks drawing, or his popularity, whatever it may be, will soon be at an end.

EDAX.

COURT MARTIAL ON ENSIGN HENRY STANTON.

Judge Advocate General's Office.

SIR,

I HAVE had the honour of submitting to the King, the proceedings of a General Court Martial, holden at Doncaster for the trial of Ensign Henry Stanton, of the 2d battalion of the 8th regiment of foot; the charges against whom, as preferred by Lieut. Colonel Young, commanding the said battalion, together with the decision of the Court Martial upon each article, are set forth in the schedule annexed. And I am to acquaint you, that his Majesty, on consideration of the whole matter, has thought fit to confirm the sentence, whereby the said Ensign Henry Stanton is adjudged to be cashiered.

His Majesty, noticing the observations which the Court have subjoined to their sentence, and which are also set forth in the schedule, was pleased to express an assent to their remark upon the singularity of Lieutenant Colonel Young's order, the disobedience whereof is imputed to Ensign Stanton, namely, an order forbidding him to appear in his regimentals during his arrest. Upon the point which respects Assistant Surgeon Brown, his Majesty expressed much regret that he should in any instance have subjected himself to the severe censure, which the *general* observation conveys; but his Majesty at the same time remarked that the Court, impressed with such a sense of his conduct, should have specified in *direct* terms, and in a manner which might have been acted upon, those parts of the Assistant Surgeon's behaviour that drew from them so pointed an animadversion.

CHA. MORGAN.

Lieut. Gen. Vesey, or Officer commanding, &c. in the Yorkshire District.

CHARGES.—1st. Threatening to post Ensign Lloyd in the public Billiard-room at Doncaster; shaking his stick at him in a menacing manner, and desiring him to consider it as a horse-whipping; being highly to the prejudice of good order and military discipline.

2d. Repeatedly walking about the streets at Doncaster, dressed contrary to the positive orders of his commanding officer, officially communicated by the Adjutant of the regiment.

3d. Acting in contempt of an arrest imposed upon him, and of the positive orders of his commanding officer, communicated by the Adjutant

tant, viz. by going and dancing at the ball given by the Mayor of Doncaster, and by disturbing the amusement of the room, and making use of insolent and disrespectful language against his commanding officer, when ordered by him to leave the assembly room.

4th. Behaving in a manner unbecoming an officer, after leaving the assembly, by waiting in the card room until the company began to retire; following the Surgeon of the regiment returning home with his wife, and wantonly and grossly insulting him in the street; returning after this to the Mansion-house, and publicly insulting the company, and challenging some of the officers present to fight with fists.

OPINION and Sentence.——The Court, having duly and maturely weighed the evidence for and against the prisoner, upon the 1st charge, are of opinion that he is guilty of the crime therein laid against him.

The Court, having duly and maturely weighed the evidence for and against the prisoner, on the 2d charge, are of opinion that he is guilty of the crime therein laid to his charge.

The Court, having duly and maturely weighed the evidence for and against the 3d charge, are of opinion that the prisoner is guilty of the crime therein laid.

And the Court is farther of opinion, that the prisoner is guilty of the first part of the 4th charge, as he remained in the card-room, in disobedience to the orders of his commanding officer; but the Court is of opinion, that he is not guilty of the second part of the charge, namely, following Surgeon Brown and his wife returning home, and grossly and wantonly insulting them in the street. The Court is farther of opinion, on the third part of the said charge, viz, returning to the Mansion-house, being contrary to the orders of his commanding officer, that the prisoner is guilty of that part of the charge; but that he is not guilty of publicly insulting the corps, and challenging some of the officers to fight with fists.

SENTENCE.—The Court therefore does, in consideration of finding the prisoner guilty of the first, second, and third charges, and of the *first* and *third* part of the fourth charge, being a breach of the articles of war, adjudge the prisoner to be *cashiered.*

The Court, before it finally closed its proceedings, thought it necessary to remark upon some circumstances that came forward in the course of trial; namely, upon the extraordinary circumstance of the prisoner being ordered to wear his coloured cloathes while an officer under arrest, and in the quarters of the said regiment, on which the crime specified in the second charge is founded; and thought it also necessary to notice the unjustifiable conduct of Assistant Surgeon Brown, in regard to the prisoner, as it appeared in evidence.

CHARLES MORGAN.

THORNVILLE ROYAL.

THIS magnificent seat of princely festivity, and general hospitality, for so many years in the possession of Colonel Thornton, was on Monday the 6th instant surrendered to his successor, the present purchaser, Lord Stourton; but not until the Colonel, who determined never to violate the charter, had, according to annual custom, thrown his

his doors open, filled all his rooms and tables with his friends, during a whole month spent in unremitted cheerfulness and good humour, passing the days in various field-sports, the evenings in convival harmonious hilarity, inspired by the natural urbanity of the Colonel's manners, and the choicest and oldest wines now in Great Britain: Perhaps a more splendid and brilliant Christmas was never witnessed in this country.

On New-Year's Day, the neighbourhood were indulged with the finest coursing possible in the Park; after which a grand dinner, at which were wines, none under thirty years old, and many at the age of sixty. On this occasion the house, and the Temple of Victory, were illuminated in grateful remembrance of the soldiers of the York militia.

After amusing the party and the rusticks in the neighbourhood with seeing the upper lake let off, where pike from five to twenty pounds—carp from twelve to fifteen pounds—tench from four to six pounds—perch from two to three pounds—were discovered, to the great satisfaction of the curious in lake fish; a few were taken, and one half sent to the present owner, Lord Stourton.

The Colonel then, attended by his friends, proceeded to Falconer's Hall; carrying with him the warmest wishes of all those who have so long and so often experienced the effects of his liberal disposition.

Thus terminated his residence at Thornville Royal, which, for sixteen years, has been the scene of every species of elegant mirth, wit, and amusement; and where the prince and the peasent have been alike gratified by that benevolence and vivacity so peculiar to the character of Colonel Thornton.

UNCOMMON SAGACITY IN A HORSE.

A WRITER in the Universal Theological Magazine, for April 1802, treating upon animal propensities, relates the following event:

"About twenty years ago, I was well acquainted with a team of horses belonging to the Earl of Macclesfield, in Oxfordshire; one of them was naturally vicious and ill-tempered, and one quite the reverse. Next to the latter was placed, in the stable, another which had the misfortune to be blind. In the summer season they used to be turned out to grass with some other horses; and this very good-tempered creature constantly took his blind friend under his protection. If at turning loose, the blind horse happened to take a wrong direction, and get at a distance from his companion, he would discover the greatest distress by neighing and running about the field, where his friendly guide used to place himself in such a position that he might run against him, when, after smelling to him, he would begin to feed with the greatest confidence and composure.

But what appears still more extraordinary, this horse was naturally of so peaceful a disposition, that he had incurred the character of being a coward when only himself was concerned; but if any of them made an attack upon his blind friend, he would fly with such fury, that not a horse in the field could stand against him! Whenever it happened that the horses broke the fence and went astray, this faithful creature never once left his unfortunate companion, though he has sometimes conducted him through the gap into the adjoining field: nor did he ever sustain any injury from several deep pits to which

which he was exposed. This singular instance of sagacity, I had almost said humanity, in a horse, has often struck me with astonishment; and, thought I, "Might not this put many to the blush, to whom the Almighty has given more knowledge than to the beasts that perish!"

EDWARD NORTON.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

THIS oddity, who died but a short time since at Eddiston, Yorkshire, aged 56, was by trade a tinker, which he followed zealously till about six weeks before his death. His apartments pourtrayed symptoms of the most abject poverty, though at his death he was found to be possessed of property to the amount of between five and six thousand pounds. He had a wife and several children, which he brought up in the most parsimonious manner, often feeding them on grains and the offals of meat, which he purchased at reduced prices. He was no less remarkable in person and dress; for, in order to save the expence of shaving, he would encourage the dirt to gather on his face, to hide, in some measure, this defect. He never suffered his shirt to be washed in water; but, after wearing it till it became intolerably black, he used to wash it in urine, to save the expence of soap. His coat, which time had transformed into a jacket, would have puzzled the wisest philosopher to have found out its original colour, so covered was it with shreds and patches of different colours, and those so diversified, as to resemble the trophies of the different nations of Europe, and seemed to vie with Joseph's "coat of many colours." The interest of his money, together with all he could heap up from his penurious mode of living, he used to deposit in a bag, which bag was covered up in a tin pot; and then conveyed to a brick kitchen; one of the bricks was taken up, and a hole made just large enough to hold the pot; the brick was then carefully marked, and a tally kept behind the door of the sum deposited. One day his wife discovered this hoard, and resolving to profit by the opportunity, took from the pot one out of sixteen guineas that was then placed there. Her husband soon discovered the trick, for when he came to count his money, and finding it not agree with the tally behind the door, which his wife did not know of, he taxed her with the theft, and to the day of his death, even on his death-bed, never spoke to her without adding the epithet of Thief to every expression. In his younger days, he used, at the death of any of his children, to have a little deal box made to put them in, and, without undergoing the solemn requisites of a regular funeral, he would take them upon his shoulder to the place appropriated for their reception; where, once interred, he seemingly coincided with the old adage, "out of sight, out of mind;" and went home as unconcerned as if nothing had happened. A short time before his death, which he evidently hastened by the daily use of nearly a quart of spirits, he gave strict orders that his coffin should not have a nail in it, which was actually the case, the lid being fastened with hinges made of cord; there was no inscription on the coffin, but barely the initials E. N. cut out on the lid.—His shroud was made of a pound of wool; his coffin was covered with a sheet instead of a pall, and was carried by six men,

men, to each of whom he left half-a-crown; and, at his particular desire, not one who followed him to the grave wore mourning; but, on the contrary, each of the mourners seemed to try whose dress would be the most striking, the undertaker even being habited in a blue coat and scarlet waistcoat. He died without a will, and his fortune was equally divided among his wife and family.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

THE porter (a good natured Irishman) at the City Coffee-house, in Cheapside, having been desired by a gentleman in the coffee-room to procure a coach, went out for the purpose, and returned with this answer:—" Your honour, I have got a coach, but he will not come!"—" Never mind," replied the Gentleman, " bring the number." Upon which Pat immediately proceeded to the stand, tore off the figures from the coach, and produced them to his employer with—" Here, your honour, there's the number," producing the plate. But mark the sequel! poor Pat had yesterday a constable in pursuit of him, and fearing the consequence, although the poor fellow meant no harm, he decamped.

A CORNISH clergyman having a dispute concerning several shares in different mines, found it necessary to send for a limb of the law, to have some conversation with the witnesses, examine the title deeds, view the premises, &c. In one excursion, as the professional gentleman was descending a deep shaft, by means of a rope which he held in his hand, he called out to the parson, who stood at the top, " Doctor, as you have not confined your studies to geography, but know all things from the surface to the centre, pray how far is it from this pit to that of the infernal regions?"—" I cannot exactly ascertain the distance," replied the Divine " *but let go your hold, and you'll be there in a minute.*"

SMALL Profits.—A Quaker sold a piece of goods to a person, for which he asked two guineas, and on the gentleman's objection to the price, replied, " Indeed friend we cannot sell it for less, I only get two shillings and sixpence by thee;" on which the gentleman paid the money and departed: immediately one of the partners—of whom there were four—who had been standing near and heard the whole, said " friend Joel, didn'st thou mistake when thou said two shillings and sixpence was the whole profit, thee knows we get ten shillings by the goods."—" True," replied Joel; " but I said to the man *I* only get two shillings and sixpence by thee, which is the truth; then there is two shillings and sixpence for thee, and the same for each of our friends."

Two sailors went into a church at Plymouth on the Thanksgiving-day, both of whom belonged to the Temeraire, in the ever memorable battle off Trafalgar. The clergyman in the course of his sermon mentioned these words, " glorious victory,"

victory," on which one of the tars observed to the other——" Hear, Jack, there's the Victory." The clergyman, pronounced the word " victory" a second time, on which the tar observed, " Mind, Jack, there's the Victory again." The clergyman, not long after, mentioned the word " victory" a third time; on which the irritated tar observed to his companion, " D—n my eyes, Jack, if we stop here any longer—that fellow has mentioned the Victory three times, and never mentioned the Temeraire, that was in the hottest part of the engagement, and took two ships;" when they immediately left the church.

The Traveller—a London evening paper—of Monday last, has the following paragraph:—" A gentleman who had come from Exeter on Wednesday, to see the funeral procession of Lord Nelson, onThursday morning took his seat at a very early hour, in the new buildings at St. Clement's church; when, overcome with fatigue, *he fell asleep*, and did not awake until the procession had not only passed, but the soldiers had actually dispersed."—

Old Macklin's description of an English man of war.—An English man of war *can speak all languages*. She is the best *interpreter* and most profound *politician* in this island. She was always Oliver Cromwell's *ambassador*. She is the wisest *minister of state* that ever existed, and never tells a lie: nor will she suffer the proudest Frenchman, or Spaniard, or Dutchman, to bamboozle her, or give her a saucy answer.

A jolly tar had lately returned from a cruise, with a mine of wealth, and looking out for a wife, declared, that he would not marry any woman whose name was not Nell; and on being asked why, answered, " because, if I am ever to have a son, I wish him to be a *Nel-son*.

The Commander of a Volunteer Company in the west of England, lately exercising his men, unfortunately, for *charge bayonets*, provincially exclaimed, *charge bagonuts*.—An old woman who had been selling nuts to the men, thinking the officer asked, " What she would *charge* for her *bag of nuts*," immedicately bawled out, " An please your honour, you shall have them all for five shillings."

A Barrister at the Surry Sessions, examining a witness of the name of *Steakes*, began in the following manner:—" Mr. *Steakes*, be so good as to *wag* your *chops*."——" If I do (replied the witness) I hope to show more of the *wag* than you do."—The retort was felt, and the learned gentleman became, as the witness humorously observed, quite *chop fallen*.

The proverb improved.——The proverb says, that " Idleness covers a man with rags." An Irish schoolmaster thought the sentence might be improved; in consequence of which, he wrote down for his pupil, " Idleness covers a man with nakedness."

Private Madhouses.—A gentleman of landed property was artfully conveyed by his *friends* into one of these, a few years ago, and kept there many months:—during his confinement, a young prig of an officer visited him, and, with unfeeling assurance, asked him how he came there?—" Came here," said the supposed maniac, " as you came by your commission—not so much by my own merit, as by the *interest* of my *friends*.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL's.

Monday, Jan. 13, 1806.

FISRT Class of the Oatlands.—Seven to 2 agst Quid by Star.

Second Class of the Oatlands.—Seven to 2 agst Henry, by Overton.

Third Class of the Oatlands.—Five to 2 agst Yorkshire, brother to Witchcraft.

Matches.—Five to 4 Brainworm agst Staveley; and 5 to 4 Sir David agst Staveley.

Claret Stakes.—Five to 2 agst Plantagenet; and 5 to 2 agst Little Peter.

Derby Stakes.—Seven to 2 agst Lord Egremont's bay colt, by Gohannah, out of Humbug's dam; 8 to 1 agst the Duke of Grafton's b. c. by Worthy, out of Prunella; 9 to 1 agst Mr. C. Wilson's b. c. by Hambletonian, out of Surprise's dam.

MALTON Coursing Meeting.—This Meeting is to begin the first whole week in February 1806, if the weather permit. The Dogs which start for the CUP, are to be the property of Members, and may be named any time before twelve on Monday evening.

Matches, Bona Fide.—Mr Best's puppy, out of Fly, by Snowball, agst Mr. Darley's puppy, out of Dent, by Snowball; and four more the same. Mr. Bower's black dog, Spare-Rib, agst Mr. Croft's white bitch, Fly; Mr. Lee's b. dog, Mark, agst Mr. Best's black bitch, Cora.

Five Post Matches.—Mr. Lee, agst Mr. Best.

Two Post Matches.—Sir Mark Sykes, agst Mr. Slingsby.

Two Post Matches.—Sir Mark Sykes, agst Mr. Lee.

Two Post Matches.—Sir Mark Sykes, agst Mr. Croft.

Two Post Matches.—Mr. Croft, agst Mr. Livesey.

Two Post Matches.—Sir Francis Boynton, agst Mr. Monson; Major Topham's b. dog, Snowdrop, agst Mr. Darley's b. dog, Driver; Mr. Thompson's b. bitch, Tib, agst Mr. Best's b. dog, Hawk.

Matches, Bona Fide. —— Mr. Torre's b. dog, Blue-Cap, agst Mr. Croft's b. dog, Tyger; Mr. Bower's b. dog, Spanker, agst Mr. Ingilby's b. bitch, Sall.

Post Match.—Mr. Bower, agst Mr. Ingilby.

Matches, Bona Fide. — Major Topham, agst Mr. Percival; and two more the same; Mr. Slingsby's Harpy, agst Mr. Darley's Dent; Mr. Burton's b. dog, Blue-Devil, agst Mr. Bower's bitch; Mr. Thompson's b. dog, Rolla, agst Mr. Croft's b. dog, Tyger; Mr. Thompson's b. bitch, Cora, agst Mr. Croft's b. bitch, Charlotte.

Two Post Matches.—Mr. Best, agst Mr. Ingilby.

THURSDAY.—Mr. Slingsby's b. bitch, Serpent, agst Mr. Best's b. bitch, Cora; Mr. Slingsby's b. bitch, Queen, agst Mr. Best's b. bitch, Toy; Mr. Slingsby's b. & w. dog, Soldier, agst Mr. Best's b. dog, Hawk.

N. B. The Members have a privilege of having their matches, if they choose it, run before those made by Strangers: and the Member who wins the Cup, may, on the Thursday, run his matches the first, if he pleases.

SNOWBALL, the celebrated Greyhound, whose death was mentioned in

in our last, had won, we understand, four large silver Prize Cups, a number of pieces of Plate, in different engagements, and upwards of forty matches. For the last four years he had been kept as a stallion, and covered at three guineas. The last time he ever run a public match was in beating Mr. Plumer's dog Speed, who then was supposed to be the swiftest dog in England.

SUSSEX.—On Friday the 17th, Mr. Boys, of Ashcombe, whilst in search of a hare, with a few beagles and a brace of grey hounds, unkennelled on Newmarket-Hill, a few miles from Lewes, a large dog fox, which, after a burst of about 200 yards, his grey hounds caught, and, with the assistsnce of the beagles, notwithstanding a very gallant defence on the part of renard, he was mortally wounded, although every exertion was made by Mr. Boys to reserve him for a day's amusement before the hounds.

THE Duke of Richmond's Foxhounds.—The Earl of Chichester having been informed, that several foxes had been lately seen in the neighbourhood of his seat, the Duke of Richmond's foxhounds were obtained, through favour of his Grace, with the view of destroying them. They accordingly threw off, on Wednesday morning the 15th instant, in Stanmer Park, where a very large field of amateurs of the chase assembled, brim full of expectancy, from the high reputation of the hounds; but in vain was every plantation, thicket, and cover about Stanmer beaten, not a drag could be hit upon, which fully satisfied the huntsman, that they were not on the right scent for the rendezvous of renard. The dogs were in consequence drawn off, and their pursuit directed to the neighbouring Weald, but with no better success, as all the most likely covers were beaten for several hours without finding a single fox, to the inexpressible mortification of at least two hundred persons. The field was graced by the attendance of Miss Le Clerc, and two other ladies of fashion.

COCKING.—A long Main is arranged betwixt Sir Francis Boynton and Lord Pollington, who starts a new feeder, hitherto untried in the north. The betting at present is in favour of Lord Pollington.

PEDESTRIAN Matches.—A foot race, for 50 guineas, was run on Monday morning, January 13th, at Pine Apple Place, on the Kilburn road, between a Captain of an Irish regiment of infantry, and Mr. Barton, an attorney, and the famous cricketer. The distance was 150 yards; and the odds at starting were in favour of Mr. Barton. The Captain had the start, and kept the advantage, until 90 yards had been run; when Mr. B. who had kept close in his opponent's rear, passed him, and won the race easily, leaving the Captain eight yards in the rear. There were many sporting characters present, but the odds were too much on one side to enable them to bet.

A young man, an ostler, undertook, for a wager of ten guineas, to walk fifty miles without resting, and to carry a stone bottle in his hand the whole distance, of the weight of 21lbs. He started from the White Horse, at the Washway, Stockwell, to the first mile stone at Brixton Causeway, at one o'clock on Monday morning the 13th, and continued returning to the same place till he had completed the said distance of fifty miles, which he accomplished between five and six o'clock in the evening, very much fatigued.

Large

Large sums of money were sported on the occasion.

On Saturday, the 11th inst. a mare belonging to Mr. Garret, of Whitchurch, trotted in a taxed cart, from Everley to Andover, twelve miles, for a wager of ten pounds, being allowed one hour for the task, which she performed in six minutes within the time.

On East Dereham new course, on Monday the 20th instant, was run the long depending match between Mr. W's horse Diamond and Mr. L's horse Mercury, for a considerable sum; the weather being unfavourable, and the new ground very heavy, Diamond, being the strongest horse, won the race with ease. Before starting, bets were six to four in favour of Mercury; but after stripping, the betting became even, and in running, two to one in favour of Diamond.

Boxing.—A casual rencontre took place recently between Firby—the Young Ruffian—and Ned Belcher, the elder of the noted bruisers of that name. It happened at a public-house near Leicester-square, where Firby, who was once vanquished in a pitched battle with Jem Belcher, met with the brother, and supposing him at first sight to be his formidable opponent, accosted him with a how d'ye do? On finding his mistake, he gave Belcher a disdainful push, who possesses what is termed, technically, the *pluck* of the *breed;* and although a cripple, the blood of the Belcher flowed in him, and he demanded an explanation for such conduct. The Young Ruffian, with that fierceness which is his characteristic, made a hit at Belcher without ceremony, but he stopped it, and put in one on the neck of the Ruffian, and they closed and fell. The fight was now begun, and was also nearly finished, for Belcher, in the second round, gave his opponent a *taste*, who relinquished the combat, complaining of *being hurt*.

On Monday, the 6th instant, a desperate battle was fought in a field near the Jew's Harp-house, between a journeyman-baker, and a waiter at a tavern in St. Mary-le-bone; when, after a hard contest of one hour and ten minutes, the former was obliged to be taken off the field, but not until he had left the victor very little reason to boast of his victory, he having sustained a very severe *milling*. The quarrel originally occurred from a one-pound note.

On Monday, January 13, a pugilistic contest took place at Bayswater, for 10gs, between Jameson, a carpenter, and Stephen Higgs, a Yorkshireman. This contest arose in consequence of the Yorkshireman having given his opinion in public company, that he was a match for any bruiser of his weight. His opponent, who possesses a good deal of science, but seldom practises, accepted a challenge to fight for the above sum, in private, but it was whispered abroad, and the usual St. Monday group of admirers were present. The Yorkshireman at the commencement of the contest, rushed in furiously, and at the same time made some round hits—Jameson avoided them, and placed himself entirely on the defensive. The fight continued as described, a quarter of an hour, when the Yorkshireman became fatigued, and his opponent knocked him down every round.—In that which ended the fight, Higgs made an attempt to run his head between his legs, and give him a fall; but Jameson was *Yorkshire too*, for while in the act of making the attempt, he knocked him down and broke

broke his nose. The Yorkshireman would then have no more of it.

A desperate battle was fought on Monday, the 13th instant, for 50gs a-side, near Briton Park, in Yorkshire, between Richard Diplige—called the Young Belcher—and J. Burke, which lasted three quarters of an hour, in which time they fought 21 rounds. On their entering the ring the bets ran equal, till after the third round, when the odds were five to three in favour of Burke; but at the eleventh and thirteenth rounds the bets were again equal.—Some remarkable good sparring, and a great many knock-down blows took place, and the battle terminated in favour of Deplige, alias Belcher.

Thursday, the 23rd inst. being the day appointed for a pugilistic contest between two *great men* of the fist for 20gs, the parties, with their followers, met at the King's Arms, Hampton, at 12 o'clock, and after a short consultation amongst the amateurs, a 25-feet rope ring was formed on Hampton common. The combatants, Charley Shock, the *child of promise* of a reputable tradesman in St. James's, and a master baker of the name of King, entered the ring at one o'clock, with their seconds—Gulley and Weale for the former, and Tom Jones and Caleb Baldwin for the latter. At stripping, a novel scene presented itself in taking a view of the *listed knights;* neither of them exceeded five feet three inches in height, and they were comparatively small in bulk. The baker, however, had the advantage in size and length of arm, notwithstanding which, the odds were six to one on Charley, who was known to be *game.*——In the first round the combatants exchanged hits, and Charley made a severe impression on his opponent's face, but by closing he fell under the rope. The baker in the former round did all he could do, for he never hit his opponent again; and in this round the odds were six to one against him. Charley went in and hit his man down in the subsequent rounds with great ease, and never once gave him a shadow of chance. The contest, which had drawn together a considerable multitude of spectators, lasted no more than seven minutes, during which six rounds were fought. The baker proved himself one of the *worst* that ever attempted to fight: he is altogether a complete *novice* at sparring, hitting, or shifting. His head and body manifested the skill of Charley, for it was miserably disfigured. The victor was carried off the ground in a chaise by one of the principal amateurs, which, with the horses, was profusely decorated with blue ribbons, as the insignia of victory. Those who were not able to raise the *circulating medium* tramped to town, ill satisfied with the day's diversion. The *cognoscenti* were on the right side as usual. After the fight a match was made for 50gs, between Young Ryan and Cropley—to fight within a a week.

Another instance of the fatality of boxing occurred near Finchly, on Tuesday the 14th inst. Two men, a sawyer, and Jones a road waggoner, had a dispute on the road, which soon came to blows, and they went into a field to decide the contest.—After fighting about an hour they were both much beaten, and on the waggoner being about to fight another round, he fell senseless. He was conveyed away, and expired in a few hours.

A contest in the Flint and Thornton style lately took place in the assembly rooms of a principal town, not twenty miles distant from the centre of the West Riding of Yorkshire.

shire. Some ill-blood, it seems, had arisen between the parties out of a military inquiry lately instituted; and the assailant had previously intimated to his opponent, that if he attended the assembly, no one room should hold them both. This intimation was disregarded; and at the moment when the company was standing up to dance, Mr. I....
perceiving Mr. P.... stepped up to him, and commenced the attack, by a species of infliction better known in the purlieus of St. Giles, than the vicinity of St. James's. Mr. P. retired, having, as we understand, resolved to resent the assault by an appeal to the laws of his country.

FATAL DUELS.—It will be remembered, that, nearly a twelve month ago, a quarrel took place between Major Brooks, and Col. Bolton, of Liverpool. The consequence was, that a meeting was agreed upon; but, either from accident or design, the parties did not attend at the time and place appointed. Before a second rendezvous was adjusted, the gentlemen were taken into custody, and bound over in a heavy penalty to keep the peace.—After this, the animosity between them increased daily, and each reproached the other with having informed the officers of justice of their intention to fight, and having thereby occasioned the arrest. The time for which these gentlemen were bound to keep the peace elapsed in December last, and before the day was closed, a challenge passed from the one to the other, and an immediate meeting was determined on, to decide their inveterate quarrel.—Mr. W. attended the Colonel to the ground, and Mr. H. the Major. It is with regret we add, that the first fire proved fatal to the latter, who was killed on the spot. Col. B. was soon afterwards taken into custody.

At the beginning of the present month, a meeting took place near Nottingham, between Ensign Butler, of the 36th regiment, and Ensign Brown, who was on the recruiting service in that town. The parties fired together by signal, when Ensign Brown was unfortunately shot through the heart, and instantly expired, without uttering a word.—He was a promising young officer, greatly respected as a gentleman, and his loss is much regretted.—Ensign Butler has since disappeared. They both belonged formerly to the same regiment, but, from a serious disagreement which took place between them, the commander in chief ordered them to be placed in different corps. On their meeting at Nottingham, however, the embers of animosity rekindled, and the unhappy result has proved the loss to society of a very valuable and much-respected member.

HATTON-GARDEN.—The police officers and high constable searched various places on Thursday night, the 23rd instant, to see that due order was preserved, when at length they came to the sign of the Cock, in Dyot-street, St. Giles's. Behind the house was a cock-pit, in which were upwards of sixty persons as spectators, or betting on favourite cocks, whom they took into custody, and lodged in the watch-house, and who were the next day brought before the magistrates to give an account of themselves; they appeared mostly coachmen, stablemen, waiters, apprentices, and *one* gentleman.

They were separately examined, and appearing to get their living honestly, and promising not to offend in future, they were dismissed. The landlord of the public-house exacted six-pence from each person for admission to this pastime.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ADMIRAL NELSON'S LAST CONQUEST.

FOR months we sail'd the stormy main,
With anxious hearts for France and Spain,
Ere we could meet the shifting foe,
Who cut old Ocean to and fro;
In fear to meet
The English fleet,
By Nelson—hero great!—commanded,
Whose valiant soul
Ne'er brook'd controul,
From hands with blood ensanguin'd.

At length the shifting foe we spied;
Huzza! with joy, each sailor cried.—
Our gallant Nelson led the way,
And set the battle in array—
This station's mine,
And that is thine,
He said, and smil'd like beauty;
Now calmly meet
Th' united fleet,
We each this day will do our duty.

The signal gave, the cannons roar,
Their thunder shook Trafalgar's shore;
The curling smoke ascending high,
First clouds us round, and then the sky.
Scatter'd bones,
And dying groans,
We mind no more than music mellow;
But each were seen
By Nelson keen,
Who sigh'd, and said, alas! poor fellow!

The smoke dispers'd, a foe espied
The shining star on Nelson's side;
He took his aim to wound the part
Where laurels flourish'd, next his heart.
The hero falls,
The foe he calls—
"Huzza, my lads, our work is done;
Our fear and dread
Is fallen dead,
And now his crew will shortly run."

On duty we were too intent,
To mark the sudden, sad event;
But soon it circled through the crew—
To vengeance we like lightning flew.
None could withstand
Our steady hand,
Our hero's conquest to complete;
We 'proach'd them near,
In panic fear,
They struck the colours of their fleet.

The loud huzzas, of conquest gain'd,
Resounded thrice upon the main;
Great Nelson heard those glorious sounds,
They cheer'd his heart, they sooth'd his wounds:
In gallant mien
He look'd serene,
And to his hardy comrades cried—
"The battle 's won,
My work is done,
I thank my God—farewell!"—and died.

A. B.

Stanbourn Redgwell, Essex.

LORD NELSON'S FUNERAL.

Parodied from Shakespear.

HUNG be the shrouds with black! yield shouts to moans.
Come, let each ship in port, wherever station'd,
Display its sable banners in the sky!
And with them droop ye brave intrepid tars,
That fought so wond'rously by Nelson's side—
Nelson! too much victorious to live long!
England ne'er lost a champion so much priz'd!
England ne'er saw such conquests as were his!

Counsel he had, deserving to command;
His heart of oak made ev'ry heart more firm;
His sparkling eye, replete with wrathful fire,
More aw'd and turn'd to flight the daring foe,
Than mid-day sun dazzled against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all praise!
He ne'er sail'd forth, but, hero-like return'd,
Drove back their fleets, and conquer'd as he listed.
Of all exploits since we renew'd the war,
Ne'er was there one more venturous than this;
What rushing to the combat! what desperate onsets!
Those English mastiffs, lions wanting food,
Whom hunger doth enforce to be more eager!
Of old I know them—that rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.
Half the whole day the fight continued.
Where valiant Nelson, above human thought,
Enacted wonders in the van.
The French cried out—" Our old Destroyer's come!"
His sailors, urg'd by his undaunted spirit,
" Nelson and Victory," cried out amain,
And rush'd impetuous to the hottest battle.
Bring forth the body of this noble warrior;
Advance it in best honourable procession,
To the mid centre of our loyal city;
And, that hereafter ages may behold
How much the kingdom was beholden to him,
Within our chiefest temple we'll erect
A monument, with throphies of his arms;
Upon the which—that every one may read—
Shall be engrav'd, the Battle of Trafalgar,
The daring manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.

J. J. B.

THE GAME-KEEPER'S RETURN AT NIGHT.

THROUGH the long morning I have toil'd
O'er heath and lonely wood,
And cross the dark untrodden glen,
The fearful game pursued:
But deeper now the gath'ring clouds
Collect along the sky,
And, faint and weary, warn my steps
Their homeward course to hie.

And now the driving mist withdraws
Her grey and vap'ry veil,
I mark again the sacred tow'r
I pass'd in yonder dale.
A little while, and I shall gain
Yon hill's laborious height;
And then, perhaps, my humble cot
Will cheer my grateful sight.

Ah! now I see the smoke ascend
From forth the glimm'ring thatch!
My heart now beats at ev'ry step,
And now I lift the latch;
Now, starting from my blazing hearth,
My little children bound,
And loud with shrill and clam'rous joy,
Their happy sire surround.

How sweet, when night first wraps the world
Beneath her sable vest,
To sit beside the crackling fire,
With weary limbs at rest;
And think on all the labours past,
That morn's bright hours employ'd,
While, all that toil and danger seem'd,
Is now at home enjoy'd.

The wild and fearful distant scene,
Lone covert, whistling storm,
Seem now in mem'ry's mellowing eye
To wear a softer form;
And while my wand'rings I describe,
As froths the nut-brown ale,
My dame, with little list'ning tribe,
With wonder hear the tale.

Then soft enchanting slumbers calm,
My heavy eye-lids close,
And on my humble bed, I sink
To most profound repose;
Save that by fits, the scenes of day
Come glancing on my sight,
And, touch'd by Fancy's magic wand,
Seem visions of delight.

A NEW EPILOGUE
TO
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Proposed to have been spoken by Miss Hardcastle.

IF it be true, what peevish Pope let fall,
" Most women have no character at all,"
" Or every woman is at heart a rake,"
You men are children of a larger make;
Though still creation's lords, *our* creatures still,
Slaves to our pow'r, and vassals to our will.
Yet of our sex, amid Love's varying scenes,
Some stoop to conquer, but mistake the means;
Too apt to teaze or trifle, to their cost,
Nor find their error till the lover's lost.
Theme of all tongues and many a tuneful lay,
Florella aim'd at universal sway;
Flirted with all, till she could flirt no more,
And lives, sad life! a virgin at threescore.
Rosina, on the modern, easy plan,
Loves at first sight, and *sets* at every man:
Till all her efforts end, as end they must,
In slight, in disappointment, and disgust.
Prudelia's charms would lasting love inspire,
But cold reserve extinguishes desire:
So long she chose her sentiments to smother,
Her lover, in despair, pursued another.
This night a different system I pursu'd,
Nor play'd the Flirt, the Dasher, nor the Prude,
But stoop'd to conquer;—and with perfect ease,
A bar-maid's graces, and a *bunch of keys*,
A smile or frown, exciting hopes or fears,
And—what are always ready—tender tears,
In modest Marlow kindled such a fire,
He left for me the daughter of the 'squire;
Brav'd fortune's loss, an angry father's din,
To gain—the bar-maid of a country inn.
Then boast no more, vain men, superior powers;
Your talents sink, your genius bends to ours.
Great is your judgment, *ours* a little art;
You win the head, we captivate the heart;
Indeed we always gain the better part.
You may—we give you leave—conduct the state,
Shine at the bar, or figure in debate;
Insult his ports, or, glorious in the field,
Compel the vaunting Corsican to yield;
And then, your various triumphs to complete,
Return, and stoop to conquer at our feet.

THE SPORTSMAN'S INVOCATION.

COME Hyegia, come, nor thou alone suffice,
But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise:
Call'd by thy lovely voice, she turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chase;
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train;
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.
All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps to pleasure, join'd with thee.
Let Sloth lie soft'ning till high noon in down,
Or, lolling, fan her in the sultry town,
Unnerv'd with rest: and turn her own disease,
Or foster others in luxurious ease.
I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennell'd, flies to covert grounds;
I lead where stags thro' tangled thickets tread,
And shake the saplins with their branching head;
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
To snare the fish, I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl, I load the gun with fate.
Thus, through change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from ev'ry change.
Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain—
When the next comes I'll charm thee thus again.

LORD

LORD MOLESWORTH'S INSCRIPTION ON HIS DOG.

In Eclington Wood, near Doncaster.

SISTE, Viator, nec mirare
Supremo efferri honore
Extinctum Catellum;
Sed qualem
Quem forma insignis, niveusque candor,
Morum grātia, facilesque lusus,
Amor, obsequium, fides,
Domini delicias fecēre;
Cujus lateri adhæsit assiduus
Conviva sociusque thori.
Illo commite,
Vis animi herdis delassata
Ingenium, mentemque novam sumebat,
Istis pro meritis non ingratis herus
Marmorea hâc urnâ mortuum
Deflens locavit.
R. M. F. C. 1714.

On the other side.

Injurioso ne pede
Proruas
Stantem columnam.

J. J. B.

THE FLITCH OF BACON.

SINCE Dick and Nell were man and wife,
They lov'd each other dearly;
Their days had all been free from strife,
And time had glided cheerly.
They thought, of all the wedded throng,
Their plea must first be taken;
So cheek by jowl they jogg'd along,
To claim the flitch of bacon.

Now on the road, says Dick to Nell,
If things be manag'd fairly,
In future we'll do passing well,
Adzooks! we'll guttle rarely.
We ne'er have quarrell'd day or night,
And faith I'm much mistaken,
If e'er a pair have half the right
To claim the flitch of bacon.

My dear, says Nell, to sell the flitch
Do let me now persuade ye;
'Twill serve to make you mainly rich,
And I so fine a lady.
So hold your tongue, and let the prize
To market straight be taken;
For sure 'twill prove us monstrous wise
To sell the flitch of bacon.

Now both persisting firm and flat
On their respective cases,
They fought at last like dog and cat,
And scratch'd each other's faces.
Thus those who try to gut their fish
Before 'tis safely taken,
Like Dick and Nell, oft spoil their dish,
Who lost the flitch of bacon.

CATCH.

THREE GAMESTERS AT HAZARD.

The Words and Music by Dr. Arne.

FIRST GAMESTER.
RATTLE dice, rattle! seven's the main.

SECOND GAMESTER.
Silence this tattle!—What! seven again?
I set you ten pound.

THIRD GAMESTER.
A hundred.

FIRST GAMESTER.
I'm loth.

SECOND GAMESTER.
Here's fifty.

FIRST GAMESTER.
Done—Done with you both.

SECOND GAMESTER.
Now Fortune!

FIRST GAMESTER.
Here goes.

THIRD GAMESTER.
Bad luck to your throws. *(throws)*

FIRST GAMESTER.
Eleven's a nick—the guineas are mine.

SECOND GAMESTER.
I'll set you my coat.

FIRST GAMESTER.
'Tis not worth a groat.

SECOND AND THIRD GAMESTERS.
Distraction! I'm ruin'd!—Here, waiter, some wine.

SPORTING